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THE REPUBLICAN.

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PENROSE AND BRUMBAUGH SWEEP STATE BY 200,000

Republican State, Congressional and Legislative Ticket Have Landslide.

GLORIOUS VICTORY IN CENTRE COUNTY

Palmer, Pinchot and McCormick Go Down to Defeat.

Rowland Wins for Congress and Miller State Senator.

WILSON IS REPUDIATED

SCOTT FOR ASSEMBLY

Result of Tuesday's Election is Verdict of People Against Free Trade—Also Marks Complete Collapse of Washington Party.

Penrose Carried County by 512—McCormick Defeated Brumbaugh in County by 230—For Supreme Court Kunkel Leads Frazer by 1941.

Pennsylvania scored a tremendous Republican victory on Tuesday, Penrose for Senator and Brumbaugh for Governor winning in a landslide. The Democratic and Washington party candidates were buried underneath a mountain of Republican votes. The Republican plurality is estimated at 200,000 and upward. The result is accepted as the verdict of the people against President Wilson and his policy of free trade. Senator Penrose's triumph marks his fourth election to the United States Senate. Dr. Brumbaugh, when the returns showed him to be elected, gave out a statement declaring that every ante-election pledge to the people would be carried out to the letter.

The great sweep for the Republican ticket carried to victory the other candidates, as follows: Frank B. McClain, for Lieutenant Governor; Henry Houck, for Secretary of Internal Affairs; J. R. K. Scott, Thomas S. Crago, D. F. Lafean and M. M. Garland for Congress at Large. The next Legislature is overwhelmingly Republican. Incomplete returns indicate the election of Judge Frazer, of Allegheny County, to the Supreme bench, and the election of Judge Trexler, of Allentown, to the Superior bench. Judge Kunkel, of Harrisburg, made a splendid run for the Supreme bench, particularly in the interior counties.

Penrose's clean sweep dazed his op-

(continued on page 4)

The vote in Centre County, with two districts missing, follows :

U. S. SENATOR.

Penrose, R.	3182
Palmer, D.	2670
Pinchot, W.	1591

GOVERNOR.

McCormick	3788
Brumbaugh	3558

LIEUT. GOVERNOR.

McClain	3300
Creasy	3232
Smith	776

SECY. INT. AFFAIRS

Houck	3370
McNair	2891
Lewis	741

CONGRESS

Rowland, R.	3681
Tobia, D.	2956
Mayo, W.	564

STATE SENATOR

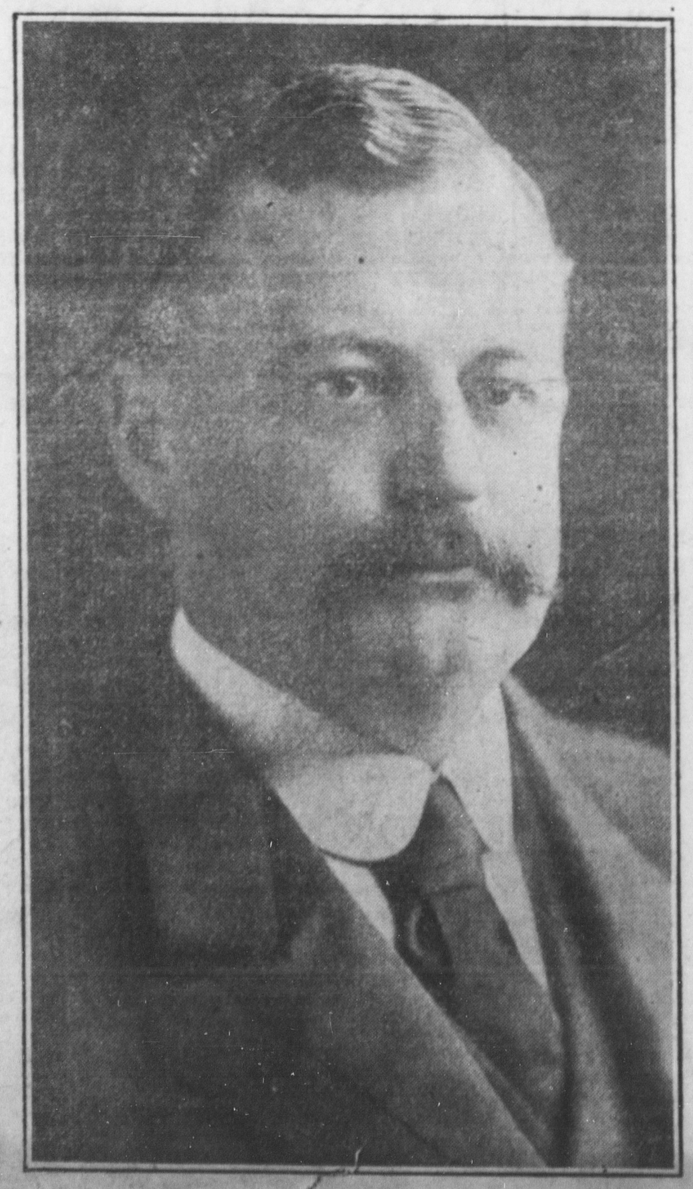
Miller, R.	3353
Patterson, D.	3015
Moulthrop, W. & P.	923

ASSEMBLY

Scott, R.	3434
Miller, D.	3001
Ashman, W.	801

Centre County divided on the Senatorship and the Governorship. Penrose carried the county by 512 over Palmer and 1,591 over Pinchot. McCormick won in the county for Governor over Brumbaugh by 230. For Congress Rowland, Republican, had 725 in the county, his plurality here electing him in the district. Dr. S. J. Miller was elected State Senator. His Republican plurality

(continued on page 4)



U. S. SENATOR BOIES PENROSE

Unofficial Vote Cast in Centre County on Tuesday, November 3, 1914, for State Candidates.

DISTRICTS	Governor, 1910			Sup. Crt.		Spr. Crt.		U.S.Senate			Governor		Lieut.Gov.			Sec.Int.Aff's			Rep. in Congress at Large											
	Tener, R.	Grim, D.	Berry, D.	Frazer	Kunkle	Clark	Trexler	Palmer, D.	Pinchot, W. B. M. & R. P.	Penrose, R. & P. L.	McCormick, W. & W.	Brumbaugh, R. K. & P. L.	Creasy, D. & K.	Smith, W. B. M. & R. P.	McClain, R. & P. L.	McNair, D.	Lewis, W. B. M. & R. P.	Houck, R. K. & P. L.	Bright, D.	Caton, D.	Clark, D.	Crosby, D.	Mitchell, W. B. M. & R. P.	Rupley, W. B. M. & R. P.	Walters, W. B. M. & R. P.	Watson, W. B. M. & R. P.	Crago, R. & P. L.	[illegible], D. & P. L.	Lafean, R. & P. L.	Scott, R. & P. L.
Bellefonte—N. W.	136	44	137	59	216	103	175	109	73	193	166	213	134	34	205	135	39	199	120	116	118	119	50	51	47	47	198	200	198	200
Bellefonte—S. W.	93	43	141	61	142	81	127	119	54	145	164	158	140	21	154	145	17	150	126	124	125	125	27	25	26	26	148	148	146	147
Bellefonte—W. W.	35	22	66	24	61	43	44	47	39	44	79	49	60	19	49	62	19	46	55	54	54	55	25	25	23	24	46	45	46	47
Centre Hall Boro.	23	15	30	28	61	50	34	74	28	22	96	26	90	10	21	85	7	28	80	78	79	79	14	16	14	15	20	20	21	22
Howard Boro.	56	10	54	17	126	32	110	25	47	96	61	107	52	27	84	43	16	101	30	30	31	32	29	30	28	28	97	100	99	98
Milesburg Boro.	54	6	24	11	63	7	68	14	9	82	19	85	17	6	81	15		85	15	15	15	14	5	4	5	4	84	82	83	82
Millheim Boro.	20	35	54	19	63	17	61	79	11	24	88	25	81	5	23	78	4	24	55	74	77	78	6	6	6	7	23	23	23	24
Philipsburg—1st W.	42	20	59	31	92	49	73	35	65	78	83	89	51	37	82	42	43	80	42	40	44	45	45	40	39	38	80	78	81	80
Philipsburg—2nd W	81	14	68	34	148	59	119	53	82	151	100	176	73	35	155	64	40	158	64	59	62	60	42	37	37	33	154	153	151	154
Philipsburg—3rd W.	52	12	69	36	96	49	84	34	78	86	82	110	53	41	96	52	30	103	39	35	40	37	40	41	37	35	100	97	95	96
South Philipsburg.	10	6	14	13	22	7	26	11	35	29	30	41	17	20	34															
Snow Shoe Boro.	44	15	37	23	78	30	62	25	52	75	77	71	37	41	71	44	39	61	31	30	31	31	46	49	41	41	60	62	57	62
State College Boro.	65	27	132	65	200	101	152	102	126	125	193	158	168	52	133	128	50	159	115	114	122	114	79	71	70	72	141	143	135	139
Unionville Boro.	26	7	26	13	43	34	32	16	38	16	52	18	21	33	18	21	32	18	20	19	20	17	35	34	35	31	19	17	17	17
Benner—N. P.	26	14	35	15	29	20	25	30	17	19	41	25	33	10	27	29	13	21	29	29	28	27	12	13	22	10	21	21	21	22
Benner—S. P.	23	14	28	30	19	20	27	29	3	40	31	40	29	1	42	30	1	40	27	28	28	28	2	3	2	2	39	40	39	39
Boggs—N. P.	21	5	12	7	17	4	19	11	2	26	12	27	11		28	11		28	11	11	11	11					27	27	27	28
Boggs—E. P.	31	8	23	8	21	8	28	28	5	28	30	28	27	4	30	27	4	28	27	26	26	26	6	6	5	6	28	25	25	24
Boggs—W. P.	63	18	31	26	37	28	38	43	25	77	55	87	48	15	81	44	14	82	43	41	42	41	15	15	16	15	79	78	78	79
Burnside	8	6	11	8	24	7	28	18	8	21	23	23	19	8	20	18	7	21	19	19	19	19	8	6	8	7	21	20	21	20
College	89	16	69	46	73	55	74	60	48	92	88	106	71	19	105	64	24	106	62	61	64	62					103	101	101	102
Curtin—N. P.	14	4	9	9	30	11	26	12	16	31	25	34	17	8	32	13	10	32	14	12	12	11	14	12	13	11	32	30	30	32
Curtin—S. P.	22	6	9	10	28	10	29	20	8	35	28	35	25	6	32	22	5	37	22	20	20	20	5	5	5	5	34	34	34	34
Ferguson—E. P.	33	30	95	29	82	32	79	86	18	64	98	72	93	2	70	93	3	74	91	88	88	87	5	6	3	4	68	64	62	66
Ferguson—W. P.	42	10	36	19	51	10	55	24	16	46	31	55	27	7	50	27	7	54	25	24	24	23	10	11	11	11	49	50	48	50
Gregg—N. P.	3	11	25	14	24	9	29	45		8	48	8	47	1	8	46	2	8	45	45	45	45	2	2			2	9	9	8
Gregg—E. P.	13	27	44	21	86	26	32	57	25	11	79	13	78	2	13	72	6	13	73	69	68	68	10	8	6	7	13	13	13	12
Gregg—W. P.	42	52	49	35	74	37	73	79	36	43	107	43	97	10	42	90	17	46	84	84	83	82	17	19	18	14	41	42	42	42
Haines—E. P.	16	11	42	32	55	26	56	58	11	42	64	41	64	1	40	61	2	42	60	53	59	57	1	1	3		43	43	43	42
Haines—W. P.	34	23	40	23	42	20	48	74	13	32	83	37	80	6	32	76	2	35	77	75	75	75	7	7	7	7	32	33	33	34
Halfmoon	45	3	48	31	48	18	55	25	27	44	44	51	31	14	50	24	1	57	25	23	24	22	18	12	12	11	52	52	53	52
Harris—E. P.	10	17	23	9	12	6	15	27	5	16	33	17	28	2	18	29	3	21	27	27	27	23	4	3	3	3	18	17	18	17
Harris—W. P.	19	6	69	16	67	21	59	51	27	34	69	41	63	11	36	56	13	39	58	56	57	58	16	10	11	10	36	35	32	35
Howard	42	4	39					43	9	64	49	67	49		66	43		67												
Huston	40	9	48	20	48	18	43	39	19	69	57	71	42	16	70	40	16	72	40	39	39	39	17	17	17	17	70	69	68	69
Liberty—E. P.	64	9	32	26	47	26	60	27	39	84	53	98	41	20	87	32	19	90	29	31	29	30	25	25	23	26	86	84	85	87
Liberty—W. P.	3	2	6																m.											
Marion	19	13	45	21	37	20	44	44	12	36	54	38	48	4	36	50	1	37	47	44	45	45	7	6	6	5	37	36	35	34
Miles—E. P.	3	14	16	5	23	6	22	40	3	2	42	3	40	1	3	40	1	3	40	35	39	39	1	1	1	1	2	2	2	2
Miles—M. P.	32	38	45	17	82	37	46	96	10	34	103	36	106	1	31	102	1	34	102	100	99	100	7	7	4	4	28	27	27	31
Miles—W. P.	10	17	30	10	24	7	21	38	7	10	29	15	42		12	38	2	13	38	36	37	36	7	7	7	4	9	10	12	9
Patton	86	13	27	37	54	19	62	29	18	89	44	82	37	6	81	37	7	80	32	31	30	30	14	15	12	12	81	80	81	82
Penn	13	29	71	21	71	58	32	130	4	29	132	32	133	2	28	129	3	31	131	131	132	130	3	3	4	4	30	29	30	30
Potter—N. P.	18	12	61	27	22	18	29	72	5	30	74	34	76	1	28	71	1	32	73	72	71	71	1	2		1	30	31	31	31
Potter—S. P.	24	10	65	23	34	28	32	65	12	22	71	26	66	4	26	64	6	25	67	67	66	67	3	3	4	4	23	23	23	24
Potter—W. P.	4	6	65	18	25	22	23	64	3	9	67	9	66	1	9	65	1	9	62	62	62	62	3	3	3	3	9	9	9	10
Rush—N. P.	21	11	37	39	53	55	35	32	76	49	97	58	53	38	48	45	38	51	45	40	47	38	40	34	36	40	48	47	47	48
Rush—E. P.	12	4	14	12	29	12	30	3	5	39	8	40	7	2	37	9	1	36	9	6	12	9	1	1	2	3	34	33	33	33
Rush—S. P.	50	4	36	24	36	17	40	16	34	68	35	77	20	24	71	19	24	72	21	19	19	19	23	19	16	20	69	70	67	69
Rush—W. P.	19	11	44	19	67	61	31	12	40	78	34	91	17	22	79	14	21	81	14	12	15	14	21	19	19	17	81	79	78	76
Snow Shoe—E. P.	57	14	9	20	90	4	97	28	11	133	38	132	34	5	133	31	8	132	25	28	28	28	7	7	6	6	133	133	133	133
Snow Shoe—W. P.	18	3	26	6	22	7	20	23	18	18	24	21	24	3	23	27	5	20	24	24	25	24	6	5	7	6	20	18	18	18
Spring—N. P.	31	9	44	29	48	21	54	41	23	56	54	61	44	15	56	43	12	57	38	37	38	37	18	18	18	18	57	58	58	59
Spring—S. P.	78	45	62	50	84	57	78	96	40	84	119	97	101	19	90	106	16	93	101	101	101	101	18	18	19	18	92	92	93	92
Spring—W. P.	45	13	27	30	30	19	42	32	22	69	47	72	38	12	71	38	14	69	35	34	35	34	15	12	14	13	69	70	69	69
Taylor	32	1	11	10	44	12	43	9	8	67	15	68	11	4	69	9	4	68	11	11	11	11	5	4	5	6	68	68	68	68
Union	58	7	32	21	61	16	62	11	38	56	39	65	17	29	60	14	27	61	13	13	13	13	31	27	29	28	61	61	59	60
Walker—E. P.	33	16	11	17	41	18	37	35	14	27	44	30	41	7	29	41	7	29	36	36	36	36	11	12	12	12	28	26	25	28
Walker—M. P.	9	14	37	14	33	20	27	43	16	15	55	21	51	3	17	45	4	19	42	40	43	42	10	10	9	11	16	17	16	15
Walker—W. P.	19	11	45	17	26	23	23	42	15	17	60	20	58	4	17	54	3	19	50	47	50	50	11	7	9	7	18	16	17	19
Worth	62	10	57	39	49	31	53	32	36	68	54	80	45	25	67	37	22	74	35	35	36	35	24	26	26	26	67	68	68	67
Total	2199	911	2701	1396	3337	1660	3048	2570	1591	3182	3788	3558	3192	776	3300	2891	741	3370	2799	2722	2786	2732	937	871	869	856	3185	3158	3133	3169

RECOMMEND FARM WORK FOR COUNTY PRISONERS

Idleness Pronounced Curse of Present System.

AIM IS MORAL UPLIFT

Investigation of County Jails by Penna. Prison Society Leads to Recommendation that Prisoners Earn Their Own Living.

A bill will be introduced in the next Legislature to make possible the employment of prisoners in county jails on public road work and also on private farms. It is proposed having prisoners do such work at a fixed rate per day and to work under the supervision of overseers. The measure will go to the Legislature at the instance and with the recommendation of the Pennsylvania Prison Society. The decision to propose such a law was reached at the conclusion of an investigation or inspection of county prisons made by Albert H. Votaw, secretary of the society. A comprehensive report of the investigation and its results was made public recently.

In the report it is set forth that probably not more than one half the counties of the State do not have enough prisoners to warrant the employment of an overseer, but that such cases could be properly handled by grouping several such counties with one overseer. The average cost to a county for maintaining a prisoner is $150 per year, the report says, whereas under our present laws a prisoner is unable to earn the cost of his own living during the period of imprisonment and must live in idleness. Instruction and training of prisoners is also a feature of the general plan, which might be said to apply to county prisons the main principle which Warden John Francies aims to carry out at the new penitentiary farms, nearby Bellefonte.

The advocates of the proposed law emphasize the point that there is no thought or intention of including any form of contract prison labor, furthermore, that the prison society is opposed to any system of peonage or any form of human slavery. The betterment of the prisoner

(continued on fourth page.)

DEAL ON FOR PURCHASE OF JOSEPH & CO. STORE

Prospective Purchasers C. Y. Wagner & Hazel Bros.

LIKELY TO GO THROUGH

In Event Transfer is Made George Hazel Will Conduct the Joseph Store and Thomas Hazel Will Continue Grocery at Old Stand.

It is rumored in business circles that negotiations are under way for the purchase of the big Joseph & Co. store by a new firm composed of C. Y. Wagner and George and Thomas Hazel. The deal has not been closed but may be any day. In the event that the transfer is made, the present ownership and managment will retire and the store will be directed by George Hazel. The Hazel Bros. grocery will be continued at the old stand in the Crider Exchange Building, with Thomas Hazel in charge.

In the event that the deal is consummated it will mark the retirement of possibly the oldest mercantile firm in Bellefonte. The business was first established by the late Emil and Siegmund Joseph. Subsequently the late Herman Holz was taken into the firm, and this trio remained unbroken until a few years ago. Emil Joseph was the first to go. Next came the death of Herman Holz, and then more recently Siegmund Joseph passed away. Since the death of Siegmund Joseph the business has been ably managed by Harry Holz.

Turkey Makes Apology.

All likelihood that Turkey will become invoked in the European war seems to have been dispelled. Turkey on Monday extended an apology to the triple entente for the destructive actions of German-controlled cruisers in the Black Sea. Had Turkey plunged into the war, as an ally of Germany and Austrie, Italy would have entered with the allies and in defense of her African possessions.

Fancy Price for Pullets.

Charles D. Bartholomew, of Centre Hall, recently sold five record-winning Single Comb White Leghorn pullets for $200.

Unofficial Vote Cast for District Candidates.

DISTRICTS	Rep. in Con			Assembly				Rep.Gen.Assm		
	Tobias, D.	Mayo, W.	Rowland, R.	Patterson, D.	Moulthrop, Pro.	Moulthrop, Wash.	Miller, R.	Miller, D.	Ashman, W.	Scott, R.
Bellefonte—N. W.	135	30	213	131	44	7	192	129	34	212
Bellefonte—S. W.	125	14	170	127	26	5	154	147	13	155
Bellefonte—W. W.	60	19	47	56	27	4	46	57	23	56
Centre Hall Boro.	89	5	24	84	2	10	25	89	8	25
Howard Boro.	38	11	118	34	35		104	52	16	104
Milesburg Boro.	16	2	86	16	3	3	84	15	3	85
Millheim Boro.	81	4	24	82	4	1	24	78	9	23
Philipsburg—1st W.	27	17	128	44	40	6	78	11	76	91
Philipsburg—2nd W.	46	17	209	64	37	10	157	40	55	150
Philipsburg—3rd W.	48	14	126	46	41		98	21	46	117
South Philipsburg	10	12	52	14	18		35	12	26	33
Snow Shoe Boro.	29	36	80	54	46	2	50	34	36	74
State College Boro.	129	44	167	160	47	16	126	152	50	149
Unionville Boro.	21	32	21	21	29	6	18	21	27	23
Benner—N. P.	31	9	24	32	10	1	23	34	11	21
Benner—S. P.	29		41	29	1		40	32		38
Boggs—N. P.	12		27	11	2		28	11	1	27
Boggs—E. P.	26	3	28	26	3		28	26	3	29
Boggs—W. P.	46	11	80	41	17		83	46	12	81
Burnside	19	7	20	19	27		20	19	7	20
College	67	17	108	67	21		105	71	25	99
Curtin—N. P.	15	8	33	13	11	1	21	12	10	33
Curtin—S. P.	22	4	36	22	5		35			
Ferguson—E. P.	100	2	67	98	5		66	109	6	54
Ferguson—W. P.	25	6	54	26	8		52	31	6	49
Gregg—N. P.	46	1	9	45	1		9	47	1	8
Gregg—E. P.	74	4	15	73	4		15	72	4	15
Gregg—W. P.	91	7	47	89	12		46	93	12	41
Haines—E. P.	64	1	40	65	1		40	65	2	39
Haines—W. P.	78	4	35	75	5	5	35	78	4	36
Halfmoon	26	11	54	26	10	3	55	24	14	59
Harris—E. P.	29	4	21	30	3		18	27	6	16
Harris—W. P.	57	11	37	62	11	1	36	62	12	35
Howard	44	1	67	42	7		67	46	3	66
Huston	38	15	74	38	19		70	39	7	72
Liberty—E. P.	36	14	88	31	18	5	91	38	16	90
Liberty—W. P.										
Marion	50	1	40	48	4	1	41	43	4	44
Miles—E. P.	40	1	3	40			3	40	1	3
Miles—M. P.	104	1	31	100	3	1	32	108	1	30
Miles—W. P.	38	1	11	35	7		10	44	1	9
Patton	35	7	81	35	9	3	80	35	6	84
Penn	130		32	136		1	27	131	2	29
Potter—N. P.	74	1	31	74	1	1	31	74	3	29
Potter—S. P.	68	2	24	68	2		25	69	5	23
Potter—W. P.	67		10	64	1		12	66	1	10
Rush—N. P.	46	25	79	47	29	3	54	37	50	61
Rush—E. P.	7	1	40	14	1		25	5	3	41
Rush—S. P.	21	15	81	18	20		79	15	23	79
Rush—W. P.	11	13	92	14	18	9	91	17	16	92
Snow Shoe—E. P.	30		136	33	8		132	33		134
Snow Shoe—W. P.	27	2	20	27	3		20	28	2	20
Spring—N. P.	41	11	59	39	18		55	47	13	52
Spring—S. P.	102	14	97	101	14	5	100	108	12	97
Spring—W. P.	36	9	73	33	11	2	72	37	9	73
Taylor	11	3	69	10	3		68	11	4	68
Union	13	26	46	13	30	5	62	15	26	64
Walker—E. P.	39	5	31	38	9		28	42	5	28
Walker—M. P.	46	5	17	45	8	2	16	49	4	16
Walker—W. P.	53	4	18	51	8	1	18	54	5	19
Worth	44	20	72	39	23	4	70	40	21	70
Total	2956	564	3681	3015	801	122	3353	3001	301	3434

Mrs. James A. Beaver departed on Monday for Atlantic City to visit with her sister, Mrs. T. R. Hayes.

Mrs. George VanDyke recently went to Houtzdale to attend the convention of the "Eastern Star."

LIST OF JURORS—DEC. COURT.

GRAND JURORS.

William Aikens, core maker, Boggs.
W. C. Andrews, merchant, Philipsburg.
Charles Andrews, farmer, Huston.
P. L. Beezer, butcher, Bellefonte.
W. K. Corl, laborer, Ferguson.
Robert Cole, architect, Bellefonte.
C. C. Cook, laborer, Howard Boro.
George Clements, mechanic, Bellefonte.
Philip S. Dale, laborer, College.
J. G. Eby, cashier, Millheim.
Ed. L. Erb, chemist, State College.
H. E. Harter, farmer, Spring.
John A. Hagen, farmer, Howard twp.
P. P. Hasson, carpenter, Philipsburg.
E. F. Homan, gentleman, State College.
Jacob S. Meyer, gentleman, Penn.
Albert Roberts, laborer, Bellefonte.
Joseph Reese, farmer, Boggs.
H. S. Smull, stone mason, Miles.
Enoch Sweeney, gentleman, Harris.
W. F. Spotts, farmer, Union.
Frank Sasserman, barber, Bellefonte.
J. J. Taylor, laborer, Gregg.
C. F. Winters, butter maker, Miles.

TRAVERSE JURORS.

FIRST WEEK MONDAY, DEC. 7th, 1914.

H. H. Allison, miller, Gregg.
Daniel Boop, farmer, Union.
M. S. Betz, merchant, Marion.
C. P. Barr, laborer, Ferguson.
Vinton Beckwith, farmer, Taylor.
Ed. Bland, laborer, Snow Shoe Boro.
Herman Bowes, laborer, Liberty.
J. P. Confer, farmer, Boggs.
John Dale, laborer, Rush.
Roy Flegal, laborer, Philipsburg.
W. V. Gentzel, farmer, Penn.
D. D. Gehret, clerk, Bellefonte.
Willis Grove, laborer, Bellefonte.
William Huffman, farmer, Spring.
R. F. Hunter, agent, Bellefonte.
Philip Himes, stone mason, Gregg.
John Hughes, laborer, Rush.
Charles A. Isenburg, carpenter, Harris.
M. R. Johnson, marble dealer, Bellefonte.
H. J. Jackson, clerk, Bellefonte.
J. F. Krape, merchant, Haines.
William Lyon, laborer, Spring.
W. S. Lucas, farmer, Gregg.
Ed. L. Lingle, laborer, Gregg.
Milligan Lucas, laborer, Boggs.
R. D. Musser, farmer, Gregg.
T. F. Meyer, merchant, Millheim.
D. W. Miller, gentleman, Ferguson.
W. J. Markle, laborer, State College.
Nathan McCloskey, laborer, Snow Shoe twp.
Jesse Owens, agent, Philipsburg.
Philip R. Rupp, carpenter, State College.
R. R. Randolph, inn keeper, Ferguson.
Roy Shaffer, farmer, Potter.
C. M. Sellers, farmer, Patton.
Robert Smith, gentleman, Gregg.
H. E. Stover, minister, Miles.
F. H. Stover, farmer, Penn.
Thomas E. Smith, carpenter, Haines.
John Smith, blacksmith, Boggs.
J. I. Stonecypher, minister, Harris.
D. R. Thomas, laborer, Snow Shoe Boro.
F. B. Ulrich, barber, Millheim.
Martin Viehdorfer, farmer Burnside.
Charles Wensel, farmer, Howard twp.
Orie Woomer, foreman, Rush.
E. T. Yeager, foreman, Curtin.
R. M. Kaup, laborer, Spring.

SECOND WEEK MONDAY DEC. 14th, 1914.

W. C. Bressler, farmer, Miles
D. W. Bradford, agent, Centre Hall.
Henry Behm, farmer, Haines.
Bert Charlton, clerk, Rush.
James Derr, auctioneer, Bellefonte.
David Dorman, laborer, Haines.
Reuben Etters, laborer, Snow Shoe twp.
J. Wolf Evans, laborer, Gregg.
C. C. Friel, sawyer, Boggs.
E. J. Gehret, contractor, Bellefonte.
Dittman Grebe, contractor, Philipsburg.
William Hutton, carpenter, Rush.
Harry Hicks, laborer, Rush.
C. K. Hicklin, clerk, Bellefonte.
John Hoy, Jr. farmer, Marion.
H. E. Harper, farmer, Union.
James Hoover, carpenter, Union.
Mark Hall, farmer, Union.
Geo. A. Heberling, operator, Unionville.
Robert Homan, farmer, Walker.
Orin Kline, clerk, Bellefonte.
A. E. Knisely, blacksmith, Bellefonte.
Simon Korman, shoemaker, Haines.
Elmer Limbert, farmer, Penn.
W. S. Mayes, laborer, Millheim.
Conrad Miller, operator, Spring.
Morris Miller, carpenter, Bellefonte.
Charles McCoy, blacksmith, Bellefonte.
W. W. McCormick, farmer, Potter.
George Rockey, farmer, Potter.
Pius Richards, carpenter, Taylor.
Walter Stine, farmer, Patton.
W. M. Stover, mechanic, Haines.
George W. Solt, farmer, Burnside.
Hayes Schenck, justice, Howard Boro
William Saxion, farmer, Benner.
Potte Tate, carpenter, Spring.
Albert Thompson, liveryman, Bellefonte.
Mitchell Watson, farmer, Snow Shoe twp.
F. T. Walker, foreman, Boggs.

To Enjoy the Popular Dances.

The feet must be free from pain Many women and men realize the comfort to be enjoyed by using Allen's Foot Ease, the antiseptic powder to be shaken ntothe shoes before the dance. Since dancing has become so popular. Allen' Foot-Ease is in demand everywhere because it rests the feet and makes dancing a delight. For Free sample, Address

FACTS AND FICTION

Experiences of Bellefonte Citizens are Easily Proven to be Facts.

The most superficial investigation will prove that the following statement from a resident of Bellefonte is true. Read it and compare evidence from Bellefonte people with testimony of strangers living so far away you cannot investigate the facts of the case. Many more citizens of Bellefonte endorse Doan's Kidney Pills.

"I have used Doan's Kidney Pills off and on for about two years, says Mrs. Holter, of Pine St., Bellefonte. Whenever a cold or strain causes a dull, constant ache across the small of my back, I use a box of Doan's Kidney Pills and get relief. I believe I did not take Doan's Kidney Pills long enough to be cured, but when I take them, a few doses always fix me up. I intend to take the box I now have more faithfully and expect to be free from the misery Another of the family has been benefited by Doan's Kidney Pills.

Price 50c. at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mrs. Holter had Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.

In Memorium.

The Methodist Episcopal church and Sunday school of Beech Creek last week adopted the following resolutions of respect on the death of the late Ward W. Daughenbaugh, a former resident of near Howard, whose death was noted recently in these columns:—

Whereas, It has pleased our Heavenly Father to remove from our midst to his Heavenly Home our beloved brother and co-worker in His temporal vineyard, Ward. W. Daughenbaugh; and

Whereas, He went about doing good and was held in high esteem by all who knew him, it is just and fitting that we acknowledge thus publicly our indebtedness to him as an example of Christian virtue; Therefore be it,

Resolved, That the Methodist Episcopal church and Sunday School of Beech Creek, in whose interest he faithfully labored, do greatly mourn the loss of this "worker in the vineyard," whose genial manner, serene presence and ready sympathy cheered the hearts and lightened the burdens and inspired to righteous living many who came under his influence.

Resolved, That we mourn for him as one "not dead but gone before" and rejoice that he has triumphantly "entered through the gates into the Celestial City."

Resolved, That we cherish his memory in our hearts to profit by his example in our lives and extend our very deep sympathy to the bereaved family who are left to grieve for him.

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread upon the records of this Sunday school, a copy sent to the Clinton and Centre county papers for publication, and one presented to the family.

By order of the committee—Mrs. Conrad Messerly, Miss Hazel Heverly, Miss Bertha McCarthy.

Held Up Near Karthaus.

While traveling along a mountain road about two miles from Karthaus David Rosen, of Beech Creek, was held up by three men and robbed of $114. Rosen is a salesman in the employ of Edward Sykes, of Lock Haven. He was driving along the road when a stranger approached and asked for a match. Rosen chatted with the stranger for a few minutes and then crawled off his wagon to reign up his horse. As he did so the stranger made a pass at him but Rosen dodged the blow and planted his fist on the stranger's chin. A second man then appeared on the road and attacked Rosen, a third man also emerging from the woods and striking Rosen on the head with a club. Rosen was rendered unconscious and when he regained his senses his assailants had disappeared. Rosen proceeded to Karthaus, where his injuries were dressed. Efforts to find the highwaymen were unsuccessful.

Guarding Against Hoof Disease.

As a precaution against spread of the foot and mouth disease, the shipment of cattle and sheep from the stock yards at Chicago, except for slaughtering purposes, was prohibited by the United States Bureau of Animal Industry last Saturday. It affects those animals which are sent to Chicago to be fed and fattened or for use upon dairy farms.

Foot and mouth disease is one of the most contagious infections known. Up to the present time no cases of the disease have been found in the Union Yards but there is some reason to believe that infected stock may have passed through. It is at least certain that shipments of stock to Chicago have been made from regions where the foot and mouth disease has broken out. About 19,000 cattle and 51,000 sheep are shipped from Chicago every week.

Real Estate Transfers.

Recorder Frances Speer has recorded the following real estate transfers:

William H. Thompson, et ux, to Pennsylvania Railroad Company, tract in Howard Twp.; $500.

William Clark, et ux, to John Waltz, three tracts in Rush Twp.; $1.

John Waltz to Catherine, Clark, three tracts in Rush Twp.; $1.

John Noll, et al, to State College School District, tract in State College Borough; $3,000.

A Turkish Sleeve Button

Experience of a Detective.

By ESTHER VANDEVEER

"Mr. Hawkins," said the chief of the —— detective bureau, "a robbery and murder have been committed during the night, and I have been called upon to send a man to make an examination of the premises with a view to picking up a clew. The murdered man is Mr. Charles Forsythe, a wealthy gentleman, whose address you will find on this card. I am assured that nothing in the room where the murder was committed has been touched. Go at once and see what you can make out of it."

Hawkins went to the address given, where he found a dwelling indicating that the inmates were people of considerable means. He was received at the door by the butler and shown into a room where lay the corpse of Mr. Forsythe on the floor. There had evidently been a struggle, during which he had been stabbed to the heart. A bureau drawer stood open which had evidently been rifled. Several small pieces of jewelry were scattered on the floor.

Hawkins was informed that the victim had been fond of jewelry, though he wore very little of it on his own person. He had kept what he owned, consisting of studs, sleeve buttons, stickpins, rings, etc., in the drawer. The robber had taken all there was except the few articles dropped on the floor, either during the scuffle or in his haste of departure. Hawkins gathered up what he found and put it in his vest pocket. He was a silent man, as detectives should be, taking in what he heard and saw and giving out nothing. Indeed, after his examination of the room the only information he gave any one was a list of the articles of jewelry that he had picked up on the floor. This he handed in to a Mr. Withers, a relative of the family who had been given the care of the house. This list was given because the articles were retained by the detective. He kept some other articles, but since they were of no especial value he did not include them in the list.

Having finished his examination of the room in which the murder had been committed, Hawkins requested that every one in the house, including the servants, be assembled in the drawing room. Mrs. Forsythe and her children were excused until after the others had been inspected, and then the detective excused them altogether.

Those assembled consisted of the following persons: Miss Ashworth, a governess; a cook, a housemaid and the butler. Of the four Miss Ashworth showed the most agitation. They seemed to realize that they were brought before the stranger for a preliminary examination as to their possible complicity in the murder. The cook and housemaid were very ill at ease. The only person who seemed to be sufficiently conscious of innocence to be perfectly safe was the butler, an Englishman, whose name was Mosely. That he was of the lower class was evident not only from his position as a servant, but that he had the manner of speech of a low bred Englishman getting his h's in the wrong place. Nevertheless, he was a good looking man.

Hawkins soon set them all at ease by asking questions which pertained to possibilities of entrance and exit to and from the house, whether a door or a window had been left unfastened, what time Mr. Forsythe had gone to bed, whether any one of them had heard a sound in the night. While making these inquiries the detective indicated by his features and tone of voice that they were of vital importance to the case. They did not appear, however, to deceive Miss Ashworth, who continued to look at him as if he had his eye on her and was simply asking the questions to throw her off her guard while his steel gray eye was searching her for guilt.

While this examination was being made the door opened and Mr. Withers entered and said to the detective:

"Mr. Hawkins, it has just been discovered that some of Mrs. Forsythe's jewels have disappeared."

Hawkins turned those merciless eyes of his upon Miss Ashworth. She bore the glance for a few moments, then swayed and fell from the chair in which she sat. The housemaid picked her up, and with the assistance of the others she was laid on the sofa.

"Please all leave the room," said Hawkins in that well modulated voice of his.

Every one departed, and all those who had been under examination seemed well pleased at being dismissed. Mr. Hawkins closed the door after them, and they all returned to the servants' quarters, where they discussed what had occurred, all talking at once. Hawkins remained in the room with Miss Ashworth only a few minutes, when he came out, saying that the lady had recovered, and he directed the housemaid to get a vinaigrette and take it in to her. Then he departed.

Those who had witnessed the governess' collapse, when it was announced that Mrs. Forsythe's jewels had also been taken, expected her arrest at any time. The theory most popular with them was that she had been in collusion with some man; that it had been arranged between them, on her information, for him to enter the house and take Mr. Forsythe's jewels, while she stole those of Mrs. Forsythe. Her confederate had awakened the man he robbed and had been obliged to kill him in order to effect his escape.

The day passed without Miss Ashworth being arrested. She kept her room that and the next day. Then it was whispered among the servants that she was under arrest, that bail had been given and she was awaiting the action of the grand jury. The butler ventured to ask Mr. Withers if this were so, but Mr. Withers declined to talk about the case. The absence of a denial was considered a confirmation of the suspicion.

A week passed and there were no developments in the Forsythe murder case. The public accused the police of negligence, and the police gave out that they were hot on the murderer's heels and were gathering evidence that would insure his conviction. The truth was that they had not a scrap of evidence against any one.

Meanwhile Miss Ashworth returned to her duties. Mrs. Forsythe gave out that she needed occupation and the children needed to be returned to their studies. At any rate, the home school work began again, and Miss Ashworth seemed much improved at having something to do. There were various opinions as to the position in which she stood, but no one knew anything about it. Gradually it came to be doubted if, after all, she were guilty, though her collapse had indicated that she was. The servants, except the butler, sympathized with her. He differed from them concerning her, and when they called him hard hearted he became indignant and gave up his situation.

The Forsythe murder case gradually dropped from public notice and came to be considered one of the murder mysteries that would never be solved. If the widow had not been rich the loss of her jewels would have made a great difference to her, for, while her husband's had been of little value, hers were worth a fortune in themselves. But she made no complaint against the police for not hunting down her husband's murderer. But perhaps this was because she was assured that the detective bureau that had been given the case was still hopeful.

One morning a man passed out of the lobby of a London hotel and stood without the entrance as if not knowing what to do with himself. He was fine looking, well dressed, and the only indication that he was not to the manner born was that he was chewing a toothpick. Presently he strolled down the street. As he passed a window of the lobby a man arose from his seat, went out and followed him.

The first of these two persons turned into a stockbroker's office, walked to the tape, looked at the quotations and asked how "Americans" were selling. Being informed that they were higher, he gave an order to sell. While waiting for a report of the sale he took a seat, rested his elbows on the arms of his chair with his hands touching before him so as to display a handsome pair of sleeve buttons. They had been made in the east and were unique.

The man who had followed this speculator turned into the broker's office behind him and now took a position before him.

"You sport a handsome pair of sleeve buttons, sir."

The speculator looked up, started and turned pale.

"One of those buttons," continued the speaker, "was made in Persia, the other in London. But it is an imperfect match. This one is better."

He took from his vest pocket a sleeve button which to an eye unskilled in jewelry would have matched the other two and held it up before the other's face. But not for long. Returning it to his pocket, he pulled out a pair of handcuffs, and before the speculator could decide what to do they were on his wrists.

"These bracelets are of steel, but they will serve a useful purpose even if not ornamental."

Ten days after this episode the former butler of the Forsythes was lodged in jail in America. One of the sleeve buttons he had worn when arrested, was proved to have belonged to the murdered man, the one produced by Hawkins, who had arrested him, was shown to be its mate, while the third was pronounced by experts an imperfect copy. Mosely had pawned Mrs. Forsythe's jewels and with the money had speculated, making a profit. Consequently there were sufficient funds with which to redeem the jewelry.

Hawkins' plan was this: As soon as he confronted the group of servants at the Forsythes the morning after the murder his experienced eye fixed upon the butler as the murderer. In order to deceive Mosely as to his suspicion he pretended to Miss Ashworth that he had fixed upon her and had arranged with Mr. Withers for his opportune announcement of the loss of Mrs. Forsythe's jewels, which resulted in the governess' collapse. As soon as she revived he relieved her of all suspicion, pledging her not to let it be known that she had been exonerated. He had tracked Mosely to London and learned before arresting him as to his circumstances and where the property was he had stolen.

Mrs. Forsythe had suffered so much from the tragedy that she would have preferred that Mosely go free, but in this the state differed from her, and he met his just deserts.

There is another story that grew out of this one which should be told separately. Mr. Hawkins never forgave himself for the strain he had put upon Miss Ashworth and did everything in his power to atone for it. Indeed, he decided to spend his life doing so.

LA VALLIERS
AND
BRACELET WATCHES
are "ALL THE GO." Come in and see our assortment. It is complete.

F. P. BLAIR & SON
JEWELERS AND OPTICIANS
Bellefonte, Pa.

Auditor's Notice.

In the Orphans' Court of Centre County, Pa. In the Matter of the Estate of Drusilla C. Hess, late of Harris Township, Pa., deceased.

The undersigned, an Auditor appointed by the said Court to make distribution of the balance in the hands of Luther Hess Waring, Executor of Drusilla C. Hess, deceased, to and among those legally entitled to the same, and to pass upon the several questions raised in the will of the decedent and in the First and Partial Account of the said Executor filed and confirmed absolutely, relative to trusts both as to realty and personalty, and to make distribution in accordance with his findings, will meet the parties interested for the purposes of his appointment on Monday, November 16th, 1914, at ten o'clock A. M., at his offices in Temple Court, Bellefonte, Pa., when and where all parties interested are required to present their claims before said Auditor, or be forever debarred from coming in for a share of said fund.

JOHN BLANCHARD,
10-22-3t Auditor.

Auditor's Notice.

In the Court of Common Pleas of Centre County, Pa. No 13 April Term 1906.

In the matter of the trust estate of Henry Brockerhoff, deceased, and petition of Mary Brockerhoff for the appointment of Joseph M. Brockerhoff as Trustee of said estate.

The undersigned, Auditor appointed by the said Court to audit and distribute the funds in the hands of Joseph M. Brockerhoff, Trustee, as shown by his Final Account filed in this proceeding and confirmed by said Court, to and among those legally entitled thereto, will meet the parties interested, for the purpose of his appointment, on Friday, November 6, 1914, at 10 o'clock A. M. at his offices in Temple Court, Bellefonte, Pa., when and where all parties interested are required to make and prove their claims, or be forever debarred from coming in upon said fund.

BARRY KELLER,
10-15-3t. Auditor.

Charter Notice.

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the Court of Common Pleas of Centre County, Pennsylvania, on Saturday, the seventh day of November, A. D. 1914 at ten o'clock A. M. under the provisions of the incorporation act of 1874 and its supplements for a charter for an intended incorporation to be called "Zeta Theta Fraternity" the character and object of which are to provide a home for the active chapter of the Zeta Theta Fraternity and for the promotion of the moral, intellectual and social benefits and advancements of the members of said corporation and for that purpose to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges conferred by said act and the supplements thereto.

CLEMENT DALE,
t. Solicitor.
s10-15-4t.

Administrator's Notice.

Estate of Samuel D. Wetzel, late of Bellefonte Boro, deceased.

Letters of administration in the above named estate having been granted to the undersigned by the Register of Wills of Centre County, Pennsylvania, all persons indebted to the said estate are hereby requested to make payment and all persons having claims against said estate are requested to present the same duly authenticated without delay to

OSCAR WETZEL,
Administrator,
9-17-6t Bellefonte, Pa.

Notice.

J. W. Wilson, of Lock Haven, hereby gives notice to the public that Gordon Monroe Wilson, a minor son, has for some time past been residing away from my home; that he is hereby ordered to return home; that all persons are cautioned not to harbor him, and that as his father I shall collect any and such wages at any time due him for labor. He is needed at home to assist in my support and maintenance. The said Gordon Monroe Wilson is in Centre County at the present time according to my best information and belief.

(Signed) J. W. WILSON,
Lock Haven, Pa.

E. Potter Tate Dead.

Eli Potter Tate died last Wednesday morning at the home of his son, George C. Tate in Ferguson Valley, near Lewistown. He was aged 69 years and his death followed a paralytic stroke which afflicted him two weeks ago. His wife, nee Johnsonbaugh, preceded him to the grave about fifteen years ago and he is survived by the following children: Burton Tate, of New Waterford; Herbert Tate, of Detroit, Mich.; Henry Tate, of Wilmerding, Pa.; Geo. C. Tate, of Ferguson Valley. Two children, a son and daughter, are dead, the former being electrocuted at Philipsburg, Pa., recently. A brother, A. G. Tate, lives up Buffalo Run.

He was a Civil War veteran and a former road supervisor of Derry township. He served recently as a juror several weeks at the U. S. district court at Scranton.

Brief funeral services were held at his late residence in Ferguson Valley, Saturday morning. The funeral party in automobiles proceeded to the Meyers cemetery in Buffalo Run, where interment was made Saturday forenoon. Revs. H. C. Burkholder and A. H. Spangler officiated.

Mrs. Harriet Heaton Dead.

Mrs. Harriet E. Heaton died from paralysis of the bowels at her late home at Unionville on Tuesday evening of last week after an illness of a week or more. Deceased was born at State College October 31, 1840, the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. William Blair. Surviving to mourn her passing away are there children: Mrs. William E. Peard and Enoch, of Renovo; William, also Mrs. Lulu Sprow, of Unionville; Hensyl, of Mt. Vernon, Ohio; Edward, Miles, of Tyrone. Surviving also is one brother, Robert Blair, of Snow Shoe Intersection. Funeral services were held from the late home at Unionville on Friday. Interment was made in the upper cemetery. Mrs. Heaton was a member of the Howard Disciple church.

Transferred to Bellefonte.

The Philipsburg Journal says: Joseph Aughenbach, who has for some time been faithfully representing Lauderbach-Barber Co., Philipsburg's wholesale grocers, as a traveling salesman in this territory, has been transferred to a new field of operations, with headquarters at Bellefonte, where the company has a branch store and to which place he will move his family in the near future. The loss of this excellent family will be very much regretted by us all.

The Temptation to Buy

needlessly will be greatly reduced if you have to draw a check every time you make a purchase. Don't keep your cash in your pocket where it is likely to burn a hole. Open an account with this institution. Experience proves that a man thinks twice before he spends once when he has an account at this institution.

Bellefonte Trust Company,
Allegheny Street Bellefonte, Pa

A HASTY MARRIAGE

Shortly Before the Wedding the Groom Had Not Seen the Bride

By F. A. MITCHEL

A young man—he was about thirty—was on the roof of a little trap of a house nestling among trees on the margin of a lake in the heart of Vermont. His costume was a pair of soiled trousers and a flannel shirt. What occupied him on the roof was replacing rotted shingles. A woman in an auto, which she was driving herself, saw him from the road, which ran a hundred feet from the house. She stopped her machine and called to him.

"I say—you there—on the roof!"

The shingler looked up.

"Are you married?"

"No."

"I'll give you a thousand dollars if you'll marry me right off."

The man was about to drive a nail, but suspended his work and looked at the woman for a moment, then said:

"Wait a bit. I'll come down and have a look at you. If you're not a Gorgon I don't know but I'll take you up."

He slid down to a ladder, descended by it to the ground and walked leisurely toward the woman who was so anxious for a husband.

"Hurry up!" she called.

The man hastened his steps and soon stood beside the auto. In it was a young woman between twenty and twenty-five years old and comely.

"What I have to say must be said in a hurry. I have property which was left me in care of those who will inherit it in case I don't comply with a condition of the will, which is that I shall be married by the time I am twenty-two. I shall be twenty-two in three days. Those who will inherit if I don't are after me to shut me up on the ground of lunacy. Oh, heavens!"

She paused, listened, then went on.

"I thought I heard them coming. I have only half an hour's start"—

"I'll get in and you can tell me the rest on the way."

"Oh, do!"

He got in beside her, and she started on.

"I understand your case," he said. "You wish me to marry you to comply with the provision in the will."

"I do."

"And I as your husband will have a prior right to those who are after you to your care?"

"I didn't think of that."

"Turn to the left here. Do you see that spire over there? The parson lives in that little white house with green blinds beside it."

She turned as directed, and the man continued:

"You wish me to agree beforehand not to claim any marital rights, the marriage being one of form solely, except as shall aid you in your legal contest, and to consent to an annulment when you desire one?"

"How nice to have you say it all instead of having to do it myself! I have always considered you country people stupid. You surprise me."

"This agreement must be verbal and a secret between us or it might defeat its purpose. You'll have to trust me. If I go back on my pledge you can't hold me since there is neither a written contract nor witnesses to a verbal one."

The only reply to this was a gasp.

Suddenly there was a sound coming from behind which both knew to be from an autocar whose driver was gaining power for his machine by cutting off the muffler.

The woman, yielding unconsciously to the instinct of relying on a man for protection, was about to relinquish her grasp on the wheel to throw her arms around her companion when, seeing her design and not being in position to steer the car himself, he admonished her sharply.

"Hold on for your life!"

This steadied her, and she kept the machine in the road while the man, reaching over to the wheel, turned on all the speed of which the car was capable.

The road was tortuous; the machine rocked and skidded. But fortune favored the fugitives, and, although several times they came near going over, they kept right side up till they struck a straight level, at the end of which was the church and beside it their goal.

"Here we are," he continued as they dashed up to the white house with green blinds. There was a honk behind them, and, looking back, they saw a cloud of dust. "All depends on our finding the parson at home." He jumped from the car, ran to the house and hammered on the door. The summons was answered by the parson himself.

"Will you marry us?" asked the lady, who had come up.

"Got a license?"

"Oh, heavens! Must we have that?"

The groom expectant explained in a few words the situation, and the clergyman consented. The pair went inside, gave their names and were married.

"Got a gun in the house?" asked the groom.

"A fowling piece I shoot birds with."

"Let me have it."

The clergyman brought his gun and gave it to the man who had asked for it. There was no reason why he should not do so, for it was not loaded. At the same moment an auto with two men in it dashed up to the parsonage. They were both well dressed, and one of them was an attorney. The clergyman responded to their knock, opening the door.

"I have a warrant for the person of Lucile Havens," said the lawyer.

"No such person here," responded the groom.

"There she is! I demand that she be given up to me peaceably."

"That lady is my wife, Mrs. Charles Cummings."

Both the newcomers started.

"Are you a clergyman?" the lawyer asked of the parson.

"I am."

The men who were after the girl consulted apart from the others; then the lawyer advanced and said:

"There are doubts as to the legality of this marriage." The groom being evidently a countryman and of a different station in life from the bride, it is evident that the marriage has been made for the sole purpose of defeating the law. I demand the person of Lucile Havens or Lucile Havens Cummings, as the case may be."

He advanced toward the bride. Cummings took up the gun which he had stood in a corner and, aiming it at him, told him that if he laid a finger on his bride he would shoot him. The lawyer saw determination in the other's eye and drew back. Then came another consultation between the two who had come for the woman, at the end of which they entered their auto and started back in the direction from which they came.

"I am glad to have served you," said the groom.

"I will be pleased to recompense you," replied the bride in a state of happy excitement.

She took a roll of bills from her pocket and was about to hand one of them to the clergyman when her husband waved her back.

"It is the groom's part to pay the wedding fee," he said. "Mr. Gregory, I haven't the wherewithal with me, but will hand it to you later."

The bride looked surprised at this, but was too happy at having escaped being taken to a lunatic asylum to think much about it. She bade the clergyman adieu with her thanks, then asked her husband to get into the car that she might drive him back to resume his shingling. He assented, and they drove away.

"If you will give me your address," said the wife, "I will send you a check for the thousand dollars I promised you."

"I would advise you to defer that payment. These gentlemen who were after you will doubtless endeavor to prove that it was a mere agreement to defeat the law, and I fear they will succeed. There were no witnesses present."

"Oh, my goodness gracious!"

"I think you had better do nothing at present in remunerating me. I am in no especial need of money. Rather I would advise my remaining near you to protect you in case they try to get possession of your person. Once you are in their hands I might not be able to get you away from them—at least not without a legal struggle."

"If you will go to the city with me I will bear all expenses and remunerate you liberally."

"I will go with pleasure."

By this time they had reached Cummings' house. He alighted to get together his belongings and shut up his house. This required time, and his wife waited more than half an hour for him. When he returned she did not recognize him till he threw a satchel into the auto before getting in himself.

"Well, I declare!" she exclaimed in astonishment. "What are you doing in those clothes?"

He entered the auto and as they drove along briefly told her his story. He was a professor in a college. Having a taste for rural life, he had bought a little shack beside the lake and fitted it up for summer occupancy. There he lived in camp costume during vacation time. He found it rather lonely, but since he was obliged to do a great deal of studying it was the best way of living during the heated term that he could devise.

This sudden transformation, the prospect of having to deal with an educated gentleman in a matter of such importance to her, was simply piling joy upon joy on the young bride.

She was driving to a country seat about twenty miles distant, belonging to the estate which she had inherited, the intention being to take a train from there for the city. But on arrival it was decided to remain where they were until the enemy should by some overt act make known what his course would be. If a chaperon were needed for a husband and a wife there were others in the house besides the servants, and it came out on a trial which subsequently took place that the couple behaved with great circumspection.

When September came Professor Cummings went home to resume his college duties, and his bride, fearing that if she were separated from her legal husband an effort might be made by her opponents to get possession of her, went with him. Meanwhile a quick courtship had been going on, which ended in a proposal, and it was suggested, in view of the exigencies of the case, the couple be married again and live together as man and wife. But Professor Cummings was opposed to another marriage on the ground that it might be construed as an acknowledgment that the first was invalid. If it was the heiress would not have complied with the terms of the will since she had been twenty-two years of age some time before; consequently they returned to occupy the same house, and a second marriage never took place.

A MATRIMONIAL THEORIST

His Theories Did Not Work in Practice

By ESTHER VANDEVEER

In this age of skepticism regarding marriage there are those whose faith in it cannot be shaken. They are persons who have been happily married and about whom children have sprung. To such marriage is their whole world. They are not interested in any one of the plans which are invented for experimental marriage or easy divorce. To them the loss of a single child is an irreparable misfortune, and to the family as a whole the loss of either parent is the greatest calamity that can befall them.

It is either those whose married life has been a failure or those who have never been married at all who are seeking substitutes for the wedlock of the present day. The former usually take the initiative by advancing new ideas concerning it; the latter, with a few exceptions, are ready to jump into matrimony without consideration.

Among young unmarried persons inclined to forethought in this matter were Edward Ellis and Rebecca Sayles. Neither was disposed to take life, its joys and its sorrows as they came, but must plan everything ahead. Being mutually interested in many problems that their elders have found insoluble, they were drawn together by their discussions, and an attachment sprang up between them. Ellis weighed bachelor life against married life and found the advantages and disadvantages of equal weight. On the one side there was something to tie to, on the other loneliness that increased with old age. He granted that if a marriage turned out happily the advantages outweighed the disadvantages. If it was a failure it was unbearable.

This view of it led Ellis just where it has led a host of other thinkers on the subject—first, to guard against injudicious marriages; second, to render them easily dissolved when the parties found themselves not mated. He spent a great deal of time on both these problems and at last solved them to his satisfaction. No couple, he said, should be married without living for at least a year in close proximity with each other; no couple should be married without a premuptial agreement that at the option of either they should live apart and both assist in securing a divorce.

Miss Sayles, whose views on the subject of marriage had been influenced by the matrimonial troubles of an aunt rather than a mental bent toward the discussion of abstruse problems, agreed with Mr. Ellis as to the precautions, but was "at sea" with regard to the remedy. She shrank from the breaking up of a family—something a woman would be more likely to feel than a man since the maternal is stronger than the paternal instinct. She failed to see how the damage once done could be remedied. Anyway, it would leave a terrible scar.

However, if Ellis did not convert her to his views as to separation, provided marriage proved a failure, he finally persuaded her to consent to his premuptial agreement. He was perfectly satisfied with this, because she was a girl who would never go back on her promise. They lived near each other, met frequently and by mutual agreement refrained from trying to convince each other that they were far better than they appeared. At least they tried to appear what they were, but whether they succeeded or not is an open question.

At the end of a year of such intercourse they were married. Ellis' prenatal agreement as to separation in case their marriage proved a failure was put in writing. He gave his bride a copy and kept a copy for himself.

The Ellises lived together ten years without any more matrimonial disagreements than the average married couple. During that period four children came to them, two boys and two girls. Ellis remained in accord with those cynical flings at marriage which have been so popular of recent years. When he went to the theater and heard an actor crack jokes illustrative of what a husband must endure he would applaud vociferously. He read a novel on the theme of domestic unhappiness and recommended it to a friend. The friend handed it back with the comment that neither he nor the world was interested in the subject treated, adding that what was wanted were stories of married comfort and family affection. Ellis looked upon the critic ever after as a man of very narrow mental compass.

Twelve years after the marriage of Ellis and Miss Sayles he one day handed her his copy of their prenuptial agreement to a separation in case their marriage proved a failure. It gave her the surprise of her life. She had listened to his jokes about what husbands must endure, but considered that they sprang from a desire to be facetious. She was aware of what the wife must endure, but during the term of years she had been married her good sense had prevailed over the theories of inexperienced youth, and she had come to consider them on the same footing as other necessary evils and that for the sake of both parents and children they must be passed over with as little disturbance as possible. Indeed, she realized that it was far more important that they be smoothed over than other necessary evils.

Her husband said nothing when he handed her the paper, but she knew what he meant. In his premuptial agreement he had not thought it necessary to mention children. He had then not had children and was on the same plane in this respect as other bachelors. Children in a matrimonial separation he had not considered.

Mrs. Ellis bore up without flinching under the blow. She said not a word as to the separation except what was necessary for making new plans. The schools in the town in which she lived were excellent, the children had always lived in the house they occupied, and it would be inconvenient to move them. She therefore told her husband that if they were to separate he would have to do the separating; she would remain at home with the children. He had become sufficiently acquainted with family requirements to realize that the children would require their schools and still more their mother. He had always left them to her keeping and did not relish their care. So it was agreed that he should go to live at a distance. Not being actively occupied, it made no difference where he lived.

Mrs. Ellis did not ask her husband the cause of his desire for a separation; therefore he did not make it known. The truth is that ordinary family jars working on a man whose brain was full of matrimonial theories had led him to take the course he did.

It was agreed between husband and wife that the fact that he was to depart permanently was not to be imparted to the children. They were to be told that their father was going away and his return was left indefinite. His wife packed his belongings, and as he saw her doing the work he wondered how he was to get them unpacked, for to this she had always attended, and he had become absolutely useless in either packing or unpacking.

When all was ready Ellis kissed his children, then turned to his wife. She had turned away and was busying herself putting some toilet articles in his satchel. He assumed that she did not wish to be kissed, and it gave him a pang. But it must be remembered that he was not going away on account of a special quarrel or culmination of quarrels, but on general principles. He kissed all the children, and they noticed that he hugged them very close.

"Why, papa," said little Ed, "you're crying."

The only reply was a closer hug. As soon as the father had bidden goodby to them he seized his satchel and shot out of the door without looking behind him, to the wonder of all except the mother.

There is no fool like the theoretic fool. He can go over theories that have grown up in his mind, they becoming more and more perfect to him the while, and not see some glaring defect that to another will plainly let down his whole fabric. Ellis' fabric was toppling before he left home. He had no sooner got to his new quarters and looked about him in a room in which there were furniture and decorations, but no living being, when it collapsed utterly. That night was the most miserable of his existence. He did not sleep, but lay awake trying to form a plan whereby he might go home and save his face at the same time.

First he thought that he would lay down a series of rules for the guidance of himself and his wife and if she would agree to abide by them he would go home and try to live in peace. He even wrote out several of these rules, but tore them up. He thought of various expedients, but none seemed practical.

In the morning when all his plans were discarded he wrote a note to his wife admitting his mistake and asking whether if he came home he would be received as before his departure. Mrs. Ellis replied that he would be welcome, adding no condition or stipulation whatever. He had scarcely received her note when he called an automobile and told the chauffeur to drive, irrespective of speed limit, to his home.

His wife met him at the door and threw her arms about his neck. Together they went into the dining room, where the children were just finishing their morning meal. All rose and jumped upon him. The older ones had suspected that something was wrong in the father's going and were much moved at his sudden return. When the greetings were over and the children on their way to school Ellis said to his wife:

"Where are those copies of our premuptial agreement?

Mrs. Ellis disappeared and soon returned with the articles inquired for. Seizing them, her husband tore them into bits and threw them into the fire burning on the hearth.

"Wife," he said with animation, "it is my opinion that these newfangled plans for trial marriages and easy divorces are for persons who either can't get on together or have never been married. For you and me they are ridiculous.

"They will not help those who are happily married, and, as for those who are unhappily married, God help them!"

That was the end of Ellis' matrimonial theories. When after that he and his wife had a spat, according to an agreement they made after his return, they made it up before going to sleep that night. This they found to be a great advantage in many ways. First, it ended the spat; second, it got them used to cutting short their differences; third, they soon became used to considering such disagreements as mere explosions of nervous irritation and not worth explaining. At any rate, they grew closer each year, and today Ellis wonders how he could have been such a fool.

Spartans Two

"Like Father Like Son"

By JOHN BARTON OXFORD

Copyright by Frank A. Munsey Co.

"Yer green sweater? Now, I've me think a minute, dearie. Sure, I've had me eyes on ut somewheres lately. Take a look in the cellar stairway. I've a mind ye'll find ut hangin' on wan av the pegs there."

"Yep; here it is, covered up be three aprons and a bag av clothespins," said he, turning back to the spotless kitchen while he drew the sweater over his big shoulders.

Mary Mooney ran an appraising eye up and down her son's stalwart figure. She did it not without a certain quiet pride.

"Ye sure do be lookin' very fit, Eddie," said she.

"And fit I am, mums," he returned lightly. "Never was I fitter in my life."

Doubling his right fist, he slowly bent his right arm until the biceps made a great curving swelling beneath the sleeve of the green sweater.

"The things I'll be doin' to that Doheeny guy at the South armory a coupla hours from now!" he threatened, laughing.

"That's the way to talk," said his mother approvingly. "'Tis yer first real bona fide fight. Yer must make good, Eddie. Don't forget that yer father was Cal Mooney, the best fighter of his weight that ever lived, so the papers was always tellin' time and time ag'in."

Again Eddie laughed. He stooped to run his fingers caressingly through her sparse gray hair, a trick he had had since childhood.

"Here's Flicker Shea now in the taxi they've sent for me. So it's off wit' me right away. Goodby, mums. Think of how me name'll be spread headed in the mornin' papers like the old man's used to be often."

He kissed her again.

"Hello, Flicker!" Young Mooney addressed the stoop shouldered man waiting on the steps outside. "The taxi's all ready. Then I'ave us be off!"

They went down the steps to the waiting taxi and climbed in.

"The South armory," Flicker instructed the chauffeur, and the cab lurched away from the curb.

Eddie leaned across the portly figure of Flicker Shea to wave a hand to his mother.

"Old lady's strong for yer, son, ain't she?" he observed to the younger man beside him.

"Uh-huh!" he grunted shortly without turning his eyes to his companion. "Fact is, Flicker, if she wa'n't quite so strong"—

He paused.

"Well, what?" Flicker prompted after a patient period of silence.

"If she wa'n't quite so strong for me, if she wa'n't quite so set on me doin' this and upholdin' the fame that the old man brought to the name yer wouldn't never catch me foolin' wit' no crooked game like this."

"Wot?" he gurgled in bewilderment, as if he could not credit his ears.

"If it wa'n't for her I wouldn't have nothin' to do wit' this game," Eddie repeated.

"Shame on yer!" hissed Flicker dramatically. "A man wit' yer build and yer speed and the blood of Cal Mooney in yer veins too! Fie!"

"'Tis true," said Eddie doggedly. "I'd ruther work in a foundry or dig in a ditch or do anything useful. But she thinks it's the finest game in the world. She has always been eggin' me on to it ever since I was a kid. I can see it now. She wants me to folly in the old man's footsteps and get famous and wrote about in the papers and all that.

"And so, because she's lookin' for it and because it would be sorter slingin' mud at the old man's memory if I didn't, I'm goin' to make good!"

Mr. Shea, being neither of facile nor analytical mind, puckered his bushy brows as he pondered those words. He was still puckering them when their equipage drew up before the South armory.

As the taxi came to a sputtering stop he placed one pudgy hand on Mooney's shoulder.

"Say, Eddie," he said thickly, "ye're in wrong. Yer won't never be makin' no headway wit' nothin' like that on yer mind. I never yet see a felly make good at anything that his whole heart wa'n't in, and if yer whole heart ain't in this"—

"Can it," said Eddie very crisply. "Even if me heart ain't in this thing I've got a blamed good substitute for it. It's what she's lookin' for and expectin' me to do. And yer'd better forget what I've just said to yer—see?"

"All right! I ain't never heard it, Eddie," Flicker declared magnanimously. "Come on in! We ain't none too early. Better hustle into yer ring duds. No use keepin' a bunch waitin'."

It was after 11 that evening when the taxi again came purring into the little street of the wooden tenements and stopped before the particular one which Cal Mooney's savings had bought some years ago.

Eddie Mooney got wearily out, said good night to Flicker Shea lounging on the cushions within and stood watching the cab as it spun about and went chugging up the street.

All in all, young Mr. Mooney was not a pleasing presence as he stood there under the flickering light of the street lamp.

But there was something like a grim smile on Mooney's battered features as he drew out his bunch of jangling keys, selected his latchkey and climbed the steps to the little stoop.

Before he could insert the latchkey in the lock, however, the front door flew open.

"Oh, Eddie!" cried Mary Mooney, both her arms about her big son. "It seemed as if ye was never comin'."

Gently Eddie disengaged himself.

"Come into the parley," he said somberly, leading the way into the very ornate little front room and touching a match to the gas jet.

"Eddie," she cried with sudden anxiety, catching sight of his battered features in the light with which the room was flooded as one after another he lighted all the jets in the little chandelier, "ye've been hurted!"

Eddie said nothing. Slowly he turned about that she might get the full effect of his sadly damaged face.

She came a trembling step nearer to him. Her thin hands were clasped tightly together. A light, pitying, compassionate anger flamed in her eyes.

"Ye've—ye've," came her faltering tones, "been licked!"

"And what if I have?" he said shortly, almost sullenly.

His mother stood looking fixedly at his big frame, and in her eyes, much to his surprise, was neither the anger nor the disgust nor the disappointment he had expected.

Then, with a little choking cry, she flew to him. She forced him gently down into a big, gaudy rocker of yellow brocaded plush. She bent over him, gathering his head in both her arms, pressing it close to her, mothering him as if he were some tired and hurt and disillusioned little child.

"Oh, Eddie! Oh, Eddie!" she said over and over. "Oh, I'm so sorry for ye, ye poor, poor b'y—so sorry, dearie, so sorry! But for me own sake, Eddie, I'm glad, glad—oh, so glad!"

"Huh!" Mooney managed finally to gurgle, all but speechless with astonishment.

"Mind how sorry I am for ye, dearie, won't ye?" she went on hurriedly. "For I am sorry for the cruel, bitter disappointment that this'll be to yer. But ye'll soon get over that, and if ye was licked this bad in yer very first fight ye won't be kapin' on wit' the game, will yer? And that's what makes me so glad.

"I never wanted yer to be a fighter like yer fa-ather was, but he was set on ut. He was forever talkin' about the fine build of yer and the speed of yer and the clever way yer could handle yerself even when yer was nothin' but a tiny kid. He was always dreamin' about the great name yer'd be makin' for yerself in the ring when yer grew up, a name that was to put his own clane in the shade, accordin' to his way of thinkin'.

"And when his time come he called me to him jest before he dies and 'Mary,' says he, 'make me wan promise,' says he. 'Promise me ye'll never stand in Eddie's way, and if he wants to go into the ring when he grows up promise me ye'll be to him what ye've always been to me in that way—that ye'll stand behind him and cheer him on and encourage him, like ye've always done for me.'

"So I promised, and, though ut near broke me heart when ye first began to do yer boxin' at the clubs and yer name got talked around as Cal Mooney's clever son and a comer in the game, I remembered the promise I'd made yer fa-ather, and I stood by ut and kep' a smilin' face to yer to cheer yer on even though the heart av me was like lead within me. But now ye won't want to be fightin' anny more—not after this, will yer, Eddie?"

Eddie Mooney suddenly jumped to his feet. He caught his mother by the shoulders and gently held her off at arm's length.

He pretended to be looking at her very sternly and accusingly, but even on his bruised and battered face there was no mistaking the look of infinite relief that rested there.

"Mums," he said, with mock severity, "do yer mean to tell me you'd like me just as well—me, the son of Cal Mooney, that was the greatest fighter of his weight that ever lived—if I worked in a foundry or took the job that Spillane, the contractor, offered me awhile back—a job at the bottom, diggin' in a ditch?"

"Do yer mane," she asked, with tremulous eagerness, "that ye are goin' to give ut up and do somethin' like that? Oh, the thought of ut makes me so happy, Eddie, so happy!"

"Then listen to me for a minute," said he. "Tomorrer I'll see Spillane and take the job. Spillane was one of the best friends the old man ever had, and, what's more, he's strong for me. I'll have to start at the bottom, but he'll put me up the line just as fast as I make good. Now I'm goin' to bed."

"L'ave me fix yer cheek and that poor eye for yer before yer go," said she.

"Aw, them little welts don't amount to nothin' at all," said he.

"And, Eddie," she pleaded, clutching his sleeve as he made as if to leave the room, "don't take this thing too hard. Maybe now 'tis all for the best. Maybe ut was meant"—

He turned to her with a smile. Once more he exercised that childhood trick of his—running his fingers gently through her hair, rumpling it softly and smiling down at her the while.

"Of course it's all for the best, mums," he chuckled. "And as for takin' it too hard, don't let that bother yer for a minute. Yer see, I knocked out Doheeny in the tenth round down to the South armory tonight."

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That vest pocket at State College borough had a hole in it.

And it cost McCormick quite a few dollars to get a good licking.

No candidate or party can buck up against the empty dinner pail.

The Republican victory on Tuesday means a Republican President in 1916.

Let us see. Now who were the candidates just recently indorsed by President Wilson?

If this keeps up we'll soon be classing the South Ward in Bellefonte as a Republican stronghold.

The Republican sweep of 1914 is a forerunner to an even greater landslide in Centre County in 1915.

Palmer will not be bothered with home cies should a vacancy be created for him in President Wilson's cabinet.

Now that the election is over it it a pretty good time for everybody to forget it and knuckle down to business.

"Dear Penrose. Upon my word! Of all phenomenal returns, the Pennsylvania returns are the most phenomenal." T. R.

Penrose and Brumbaugh may not be all right, but apparently quite a few persons scattered over Pennsylvania think otherwise.

Now that the State campaign is out of the way, prospective aspirants for county offices are beginning to look the ground over for next year's set-to. Keep your eye on the judgeship fight.

Candidates who were defeated on Tuesday certainly had no cause to blame it on the weather that prevailed until 2.30 o'clock in the afternoon. About that hour it began to rain and this, together with a lack of interest in the campaign, no doubt contributed toward the polling of a light vote in many sections.

What funny things reveal themselves in the eleventh-hour campaign efforts of rival parties. The Democratic campaign managers, for instance, sent out appealing letters to office-holders and others asking contributions and vowing that they did not have enough money to pay expenses. At about the same time flaming advertisements were published announcing that the Democratic managers had $50,000 to pay in rewards for information regarding any fraudulent voting on Tuesday. One announcement or the other must have been sadly in error, or possibly the Democratic managers do not consider $50,000 worth bothering about.

Showing how perfunctory were indorsements of candidates by President Wilson was the rather ludicrous mistake which came to light at the eleventh hour of the campaign. The President unwittingly wrote a letter strongly indorsing a Washington party candidate for Congress in a Western State. He had no intention of so doing, his indorsement being intended for use by the Democratic candidate. The President, so it seemed, didn't know one from the other, and by accident his letter was written for the wrong man. The President could not very well recall the letter, once it had been written and mailed, so he did the next best thing, which was to telegraph the man he had indorsed that he hadn't been indorsed at all. The incident furnished a rather interesting side-light on the game of politics.

A Suggestion.

I notice cards of information for automobilists posted upon street corners which is very wise. I would suggest that card notices for Sunday travelers be posted in the office rooms of our hotels with wording something like this: "Welcome to our Churches today. For information inquire at office."

(Signed)
"A. FRIEND OF TRAVELERS."

Divided the Costs.

Several families of foreigners from White Rock figured in a spirited hearing before Squire Musser last Saturday night. The Squire figured it out that the trouble was a typical family quarrel and divided the costs equally, amounting to about $16.

Republican Sweep.

(continued from first page)

DR. MARTIN G. BRUMBAUGH,

ponents. In Allegheny County he received something like 25,000 plurality There Pinchot led Palmer by many thousands. Brumbaugh fairly swamped McCormick in the latter's home city of Harrisburg. Brumbaugh gets about 1000 over McCormick there, McCormick losing not only his county but his city and also his home ward.

Philadelphia rolled up something like 100,000 for Penrose and Brumbaugh. Thousands of unemployed men voted the straight Republican ticket, considering the issue one of hard times brought about by Democratic policies.

The landslide in Pennsylvania was little different from that in other States. The Republicans made phenomenal gains for Congress and are claiming to have captured control of the House. A novel feature of the great revulsion of sentiment as compared with two years ago was the re-election of former Speaker Joe Cannon to Congress in Illinois by a sweeping majority.

New Jersey, the home State of President Wilson, repudiated Democratic policies and returned majorities for Republican candidates for Congress. In New York State District Attorney Whitman, Republican, was elected over Glynn, Democrat, for Governor by 130,000 or more. New York Republicans elected James W. Wadsworth, Republican, over Ambassador Gerard, Democrat, for United States Senator, by 100,000. Connecticut also turned down the Democratic ticket. Governor Baldwin was defeated for United States Senator by F. B. Brandegee, Republican, by a big vote. In Illinois the fight for United States Senator is in doubt, with indications pointing to the defeat of Roger Sullivan, Democrat. In Indiana Shively, Democrat, and Miller, Republican, are running neck and neck for United States Senator. Beveridge, Progressive, was a poor third. Wisconsin turned down LaFollette and elected Philip, Republican, Governor by a great vote. LaFollette's candidate, Blaine, was not in the running.

Penna. Congressmen.

The following have been elected to represent Pennsylvania in the next Congress:

1—Wm. S. Vare, R.
2—Geo. S. Graham, R.
3—J. Hampton Moore, R.
4—Geo. W. Edmonds, R.
5—Peter E. Costello, R.
6—George P. Darrow, R.
7—Thos. S. Butler, R.
8—Henry W. Watson, R.
9—Wm. W. Griest, R.
10—John R. Farr, R.
11—John J. Casey, D.
12—Robert D. Heaton, R.
13—A. G. Dewalt, D.
14—Louis T. McFadden, R.
15—Edgar R. Kiess, R.
16—
17—Benj. K. Focht, R.
18—Aaron S. Kreider, R.
19—Jesse L. Hartman, R.
20—
21—Charles H. Rowland, R.
22 Abraham L. Keister, R.
23—Robert F. Hopwood, R.
24 - Wm. M. Brown, R.
25—Milton W. Shreve, R.
26—Henry J. Steele, D.
27—S. Taylor North, R.
28—S. H. Miller, R.
29—S. G. Porter, R.
30—Wm. H. Coleman, R.
31—John M. Morris, R.
32—A. J. Barchfeld, R.
At Large—Thos. C. Crago, R.
At Large—M. M. Garland, R.
At Large—Dan'l F. Lafean, R.
At Large—John R. K. Scott, R.

PENROSE AT MILESBURG

Senator Got 82 out of Total of 1105—Brumbaugh Also Winner.

In Milesburg borough Senator Penrose won in a walk. Out of a total vote of 105 Penrose had 82. Palmer had 14 and Pinchot 9.

For Governor Milesburg borough gave Brumbaugh 85. McCormick had 19, or 5 more than Palmer got in the borough for Senator.

Result In County.

(continued from first page)

in Centre County together with a close margin in Clearfield elected him over Patterson, Democrat, by 438. Harry B. Scott, Republican, was elected to the Assembly over David W. Miller by 433. Ashman, Washington party, had 801.

For Secretary of Internal Affairs Henry Houck, Republican, carried Centre County by 479 plurality over McNair and 2,629 over Lewis, Washington party.

Centre County Democrats slashed Palmer right and left. Palmer's total vote in the county fell below that for McCormick by 1,115. Penrose had 3,182 or exactly double that for Pinchot. These figures are based on the returns with two districts missing.

The big plurality for Rowland for Congress in Centre County was a fine tribute to his popularity as well as proving to be the controlling factor in giving him a victory in the district. He carried McKean by about 300, Cameron by practically the same figure, and apparently has lost in Clearfield by something like 900. His plurrlity of 725 in Centre County more than wiped out his loss in the rest of the district. The Democratic managers had calculated on 1,000 plurality for Tobias in Clearfield County and were banking on this to defeat Rowland in the district.

CHARLES H. ROWLAND
Elected to Congress in 21st. District.

For State Senator Dr. Miller won Clearfield County by 100, according to yesterday's returns, and carried Centre by 338, thus winning out in the district. Moulthrop, running on the Washington and Prohibition tickets, had 923 in Centre County. For Assembly, Ashman, Washington party, had 601, or 2,633 behind Scott and 2,200 behind Miller.

For Supreme Court Judge Kunkel carried the county over Judge Frazer by 1,941. For Superior Court Judge Trexler carried the county by 1,388 over Clark.

RESULT IN BELLEFONTE

Penrose and Brumbaugh Win Victory in Borough.

Senator Penrose carried Bellefonte borough with a plurality of 107 over Palmer and 216 over Pinchot.

Brumbaugh also carried the borough for Governor, leading McCormick by 10.

In the N. Ward Penrose led Palmer 193 to 109, Pinchot having 73. He also carried the South Ward with 145 to 119 for Palmer and 54 for Pinchot. In the West Ward Penrose had 44, to 47 for Palmer and 39 for Pinchot. Pinchot did not carry a single ward. The vote in the three wards for Senator follows:

Penrose	382
Palmer	275
Pinchot	166

The vote in the three wards for Governor was as follows:

Brumbaugh	419
McCormick	409

For Congress Rowland, Republican carried Bellefonte borough over Tobias Democrat, by 120 and over Mayo, Washington, by 367. Rowland carried both the North and South Wards, Mayo running a poor third in all three wards. The vote for Congress in the borough follows:

Rowland	430
Tobias	310
Mayo	63

For State Senator Dr. S. J. Miller carried the North Ward by 61 over Patterson, Democrat, and 279 over Moulthrop, Washington and Prohibition. Miller had pluralities in both the North and South Wards. The vote in the borough for State Senator follows:

Miller	392
Patterson	317
Moulthrop	113

For Assembly Harry B. Scott, Republican, of Philipsburg, also carried Bellefonte borough, having pluralities in the North and South Wards and losing the West by a narrow margin. Ashman, Washington party, was away behind in all three wards. The vote in the borough for Assembly follows:

Scott	417
Miller	333
Ashman	70

HOWARD FOR PENROSE

High Man on Ticket There, Pinchot Leading Palmer Two to One.

In Howard borough Senator Penrose had a decisive plurality. He led with 96 votes, or 49 more than Pinchot and 71 more than Palmer. Pinchot led Palmer by 22. The vote was:

Penrose	96
Pinchot	47
Palmer	25

Brumbaugh's vote in Howard borough exceeded that for McCormick for Governor by 45. Brumbaugh had 106 and McCormick but 61. Brumbaugh's vote in the borough exceeded that cast for Penrose by 10.

Howard borough gave Rowland, for Congress, the handsome vote of 118 to 38 for Tobias, Democrat. For State Senator Dr. Miller had 104, and Patterson, Democrat, 34. Moulthrop, Washington and Prohibition, nosed out Patterson by one vote, having 35.

For Assembly Scott, Republican, carried the borough with 51 plurality over Miller, Democrat. Scott had, 104 and Miller 53. Ashman, Washington, got 16.

PENROSE GETS COLLEGE

Senator Led Palmer by 31—McCormick Carried Borough by 37.

Penrose was a victor in the voting in State College borough. There he had a plurality of 31 over Palmer. Pinchot led Palmer in that borough by 24. Penrose led Pinchot by 7. The vote for Senator was:

Penrose	133
Pinchot	126
Palmer	102

For Governor McCormick carried State College borough over Brumbaugh by 37. McCormick had 193 and Brumbaugh 156. McCormick's vote in the borough was 91 greater than that for Palmer, indicating how heavily the latter was cut by Democrats in that section. McCormick polled some complimentary votes, due no doubt to the fact that he is a trustee of State College.

Miss Nannie Ammerman Dead.

Miss Nannie Ammerman died on Friday of last week at the Bellefonte hospital, to which institution she had been taken on the previous day. She had not been enjoying the best of health for some time, but her condition had not been regarded as serious by her friends and it was only revealed when a physician was called in. Her removal to the hospital was hastened with a view to an operation, but she rapidly became weaker and passed away at the time noted. Her sister, Miss Mary Ammerman, is a patient at the hospital, having recently undergone an operation. The deceased was born and raised in Bellefonte and was a daughter of the late Albert Ammerman. She subsequently removed to New York city where she engaged in missionary work for twenty years. She returned to Bellefonte and resided here until the time of her death. She was a devout christian woman and by those who were her intimate friends she was highly respected and esteemed. She was a life long member of the Presbyterian church. At the time of her death she was aged 70 years. Funeral services were held on Monday afternoon at 2 o clock, conducted by Rev. Mr. Carlson. Interment was made in the Union cemetery.

Postmaster in Trouble.

Postmaster W. F. Balsbach, of Bellwood, was last week arrested and held under bail on the charge of having destroyed mail matter. He burned a number of postal cards sent out during the campaign over the signature of Colonel Roosevelt. A million such cards were mailed to voters in Pennsylvania in the last week of the campaign, and a large number were addressed to patrons of the Bellwood postoffice. The mailing list used was one containing numerous errors in names and addresses, and consequently Postmaster Balsbach had a big bunch of the Roosevelt cards on hand and which he could not deliver. His explanation of the incident was that he had burned the cards which could not be delivered and that inadvertently a few which could have been delivered got into the wrong pile. He denied that he had in that manner got rid of the cards for political purposes. He was held under $1000 bail for a hearing on May 3d. His term will expire January 1st. Meanwhile the Bellwood office has been turned over to the assistant, Miss Lillian Jeffries.

Livingston-Boop.

John Livingston, of Lock Haven, and Miss Sarah Boop, of Wingate, were married at Philipsburg on Wednesdap evening of last week by Rev. H. S. McClintock, pastor of the Church of Christ. The prospective bride and groom came to Bellefonte and after obtaining a marriage license proceeded to Philipsburg, where the nuptial knot was tied. The groom is employed by the Union Pacific Tea Company, at Lock Haven. His bride is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Boop. She is a young lady of beautiful attainments and has many admiring friends.

A healthy man is a king in his own right; an unhealthy man an unhappy slave. For impure blood and sluggish liver, use Burdock Blood Bitters. On the market 35 years. $1.00 a bottle.

14 YEAR GIRL A BRIDE

Parents of Salona Girl Gave Written Consent for Marriage License.

Fourteen years old Martha S. Darrah, of Salona, on Monday obtained a marriage license at Lock Haven to wed Charles A. Bailey, of Jersey Shore. With possibly one exception she is the youngest girl to receive a marriage license from Register Grugan, of Clinton County. The young couple were married on Tuesday.

The young bride is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Darrah, of Salona. The groom is 28 years old and is employed in the N. Y. C. R. R. shops at Avis. When Bailey and his bride-to-be first applied for a license Register Grugan was unwilling to issue it. The girl had with her the written consent of her father, but because of her extreme youth Register Grugan stated that he deemed it best that he should be furnished with the written consent af both parents. Monday morning Miss Darrah and Bailey again applied for a license and filed the written consent of both the father and mother of the bride-to-be. Register Grugan thereupon issued the license.

CONVICTS ON FARMS

(continued from first page.)

it is explained, is the chief purpose in mind, also to reduce the present burden to counties of maintenance of both men and women who have been convicted of crimes. It is brought out in statistics in the society's report that if the prisoners in the several county jails had been employed during the past year at even a rate of 50c per day their earnings would have amounted to $500,000. The average daily population in county jails during the year 1913 was 6140.

Of these the average daily number engaged in some work or service was 2777. Present laws forbid the employment of more than 35% of prisoners at any one time in the manufacture of articles or products to be sold in the public markets, this being to protect outside labor from competition with prison labor. It is pointed out, however, that on a farm many prisoners could be employed in their own maintenance. The suggestion is advanced that the present laws might be modified so as to allow prisoners the opportunity to engage in some industries which will directly benefit the community.

Injured in Collision.

Several Philipsburg men and one from Tyrone were injured in a most unfortunate accident on Thursday of last week when an automobile in which they were traveling collided with a passenger coach on the P. & S. R. R. near Houtzdale. The injured are: Harry Barnes, fracture of both bones of the left arm, the broken bones being forced through the flesh and also the sleeve of the overcoat which he wore at the time; Harry Rowland, son of Charles H. Rowland, broken nose, also contusions of face and legs; W. Heber Wolf, fractured ankle and injured shoulder; W. H. Palm, fracture of the small bone of the ankle; A. C. Grazier, lacerations of face. Mr. Grazier resides at Tyrone. The others are well known residents of Philipsburg. Barnes and Wolf were removed to the McGirk hospital, in Philipburg, after being conveyed from the scene of the accident to Philipsburg in a special train.

State Slow on Pay.

The Harrisburg "Telegraph" says: People on Capitol Hill, at Harrisburg, are having a good deal of quiet amusement over the deliberate manner in which the state school appropriations are being paid and are wondering whether the auditor general's department will "loosen up" with the hundreds of warrants in its hands after the election ends.

Thus far the department of public instruction has sent warrants for over $4,000,000 to the auditor general for countersignatures, but less than half that sum is believed to have been paid out by the state treasury. Among the payments made was $75 000 to Pittsburgh. Districts have been demanding their money, but the department has been going slow because of the heavy demands for highway repairs, primaries and other charges.

Mrs. U. H. Reamer Dead.

Mrs. Upton H. Reamer, a former resident of Bellefonte, died at 7.30 o'clock Monday evening at the home of her sister, Mrs. F. M. Clark, at Williamsport. She had been in ill health for some time. Funeral services were held yesterday at her girlhood home at Northumberland. She is survived by her sister and her husband, for many years passenger conductor on the Montandon road. Mr. Reamer retired from active service several years ago, since which time he and his wife had resided at Williamsport.

Harry Saylor Dead.

Harry Saylor, a former resident of Bellefonte, died last Sunday at the State hospital at Danville. He was aged 59 years and 11 months. Funeral services were held yesterday, interment being made at Curtin. Surviving are a brother, Robert Saylor, of Bellefonte, and two sisters, Mrs. James Reed, of Tyrone, and Mrs. William Gunsallus, of Canton, Ohio.

Harsh physics react, weaken the bowels, will lead to chronic constipation. Doan's Regulets operate easily. 25c a box at all stores.

INSTITUTE X MAS WEEK

Centre County Teachers to Meet Here Monday, December 20.

Centre County school teachers have been advised by County Superintendant Etters that the annual teachers' institute will be held this year in the Court House in Bellefonte during Christmas week. While in some ways this will not be the most convenient week in the school year for the teachers to be away from home. Everything possible will be done to enable them to conclude their sessions here and return to their homes on the night before Christmas.

The institute will be convened at 9 o'clock on the morning of Monday December 20th and will close on Thursday afternoon or evening. In past years the institute session for the opening day never got under way until after the noon hour. This year the opening hour for the first day will be 9 o'clock, the change being made to gain a half-day and avoid the necessity of having the teachers remain in Bellefonte until Christmas day.

There was some talk recently that this year's institute might be held at Philipsburg. Bellefonte has, however, been selected.

Would Change Hunting Season.

A number of Centre County hunters are considering going before the next Legislature with a request that the date for the opening of the season for deer be made at least two weeks later than at present. It may not be known generally, but it is nevertheless true, that Centre County hunters were largely responsible for an eleventh-hour change in the present law and but for which fact the opening of the season for deer would now be November 1st. It was argued that to open the deer season November 1st might suit city hunters, but that it would be anything but convenient or satisfactory to those residing in the country. The point was advanced that farmers are not through their fall work by November 1st, and while this made some impression on legislators the argument that won the day was the timely comment that many hunters would be in the mountains on election day and would not take the trouble to return home to vote.

Restored 12th. Revenue District.

Under an executive order issued by President Wilson, the Twelfth Internal Revenue district, which formerly had its headquarters at Scranton, Pa., has been restored to the list of sixty-three internal revenue districts under the supervision of the treasury department.

The action taken was the result of a long fight maintained by practically the entire Pennsylvania Congressional delegation. Under the provisions of the order issued by President Wilson, no reference is made, as to whether or not the headquarters of the district will be re-established at Scranton but this likely will be done.

The counties falling under the jurisdiction of the new internal revenue district are as follows: Bradford, Carbon, Centre, Clinton, Columbia, Luzerne, Lackawanna, Lycoming, Monroe, Montrose Northampton, Northumberland, Pike, Potter, Susquehanna, Sullivan, Tioga, Union, Wayne, Wyoming.

Penna. Cattle Quarantined.

The federal government has included Pennsylvania in the quarantined area to guard against further spread of the hoof-and-mouth disease. The government issued a statement which was in part as follows:

"The provisions of this quarantine are virtually the same as those previously announced for a few counties in Michigan and Indiana. No cattle, sheep or swine can be shipped from these States in interstate commerce, and all fodder and animal products of every sort which might possibly convey the disease must be thoroughly disinfected. The quarantined States are not only prohibited from shipping cattle to uninfected areas, but they cannot even send shipments of stock from one infected area to another."

The quarantine has been extended to cover Michigan, Indiana, Illinois and Pennsylvania. Federal authorities have not indicated how long it will continue.

Marriage Licenses.

Register J. Frank Smith has issued the following marriage licenses:

John Livingston Sarah Boob	Lock Haven. Wingate.
John R. Witmer Lottie A. Garner	Bellefonte. "
Clyde Weaver Nettie Lingle	Centre Hall. Spring Mills.
Russell Mayes Elizabeth Bohn	Salona. Oak Hall.
Henry P. Vogel Annie Hoy	State College. "
Foster S. Holt Mabel A. Dunlap	Clearfield. "

Bellefonte Markets.

Corrected by the Robert Morris store

Eggs, per dozen	.30
Butter, per pound	.30

Bellefonte Grain Market.

Corrected by Gamble, Gheen & Co.

Wheat, white or mixed	.95
Wheat, red	$1.00
Corn, shelled (per bu.)	.75
Corn, ears, (per bu.)	.75
Oats, (per bu.)	.45
Rye, (per bu.)	.70
Barley, (per bu.)	.60
Buckwheat, (per bu.)	.60

Itch! Itch! Itch!—Scratch! Scratch! Scratch! The more you scratch, the worse the itch. Try Doan's Ointment. For eczema, any skin itching, 50c a box.

Correspondence.

Milesburg.

Mr. and Mrs Suiter and son James have returned to their home in Williamsport after visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. James Richard.

Harry Jodon Sundayed with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Jodon.

Rev. and Mrs. S. S. Clark and daughter departed for Baltimore to visit relatives and friends.

Mrs. James Moroney, of Altoona, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. John Jodon.

Miss Reba Kreps spent Sunday with Rev. and Mrs. Winey in Altoona.

Mrs. Ash visited friends in Altoona during the past week.

Mrs. Frybarger, of Altoona, is visiting her sister Mrs. George Degarmo.

Harold Ash spent the week end with friends in Altoona.

Miss Mary McClellan spent Sunday with Miss Mildred Glenn, at Curtin.

Mr. and Mrs. Lose, of Bellefonte, Sundayed with their son, Winfield.

Harry Lutz, of Altoona, is visiting at the home of John Jodon. Mr. Lutz is taking in the hunting season.

D. C. Lucas Sundayed at his mother's home, Mrs. William Lucas.

The parade on Hallowe'en night was a great success. Every one in town took a big interest to make it a success Among the floats was an advertisement "Votes for Women", and a Western emigrant wagon advertising "The Press". Austin Robinson, masqued as "Uncle Sam", took first prize of three dollars and Mrs. Bryan and Mrs. Jones took second prizes of two dollars each.

T. A. Hugg is spending a two weeks vacation at his home on Water Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Uriah Housel and family are moving to Altoona this week.

George Degarmo is very ill at the present writing, having suffered a stroke.

The Baptist Church Aid will hold a business meeting at the home of Mrs. Edward Bullock on Tuesday night.

Centre Hall.

Miss P. P. W. Potter, of Linden Hall, spent Sunday at the home of Mrs. Dr. Jacobs.

James L. Sandon, of Pittsburg, is spending a few days hunting in and around Centre Hall.

Mrs. Ralph Dinges is very much improved after a long illness.

Charles Arney and party report 16 rabbits for the first day's hunt.

Guy W. Jacobs is now in Morehead City, N. C., in the interest of his firm.

Bruce Arney spent Sunday at Mill Hall, with a friend.

It is rumored John G. Allison is going to conduct our hotel.

Julian Flemming, of Pittsburgh, is spending some time in Centre Hall, his old home town.

P. P. Geary, our barber, spent a few days at his parents' home in Newport, later going to York to hear Roosevelt speak.

Geo. Homan, the horse buyer, of Millheim, was in town this week.

Mrs. W. H. Meyer, is very sick at her home on Main Street. She is the wife of ex-merchant W. H. Meyer.

Clyde Smith is in bed at hts mother's home with rheumatism.

John Noll and his crew of painters finished the home of E. M. Huyett, the lumberman, and it makes a fine appearance.

Samuel McClintock, of Potter's Mills was in Centre Hall recently.

Good luck to the Republican ticket.

"The Republican" $1.50 a year in advance.

Mt. Eagle.

The Brown boys are building a large barn on the lot recently purchased by their grandmother and will engage in the poultry business next spring. We wish you lots of luck, boys. Go to it.

Mrs. Wyman is making some splendid improvements at her home, including concrete work in the cellar, weather boarding and a new porch.

Mr. and Mrs. Paddy McLaughlin, of Beech Creek, accompanied by her daughter, spent Sunday here with her father, Irvin Robison, Sr.

Ira Robison was a passenger to Curtin on Sunday evening.

E. H. Leathers was a Williamsport visitor last Wednesday, where he transacted some business. While there he purchased a new gun.

Clark Beatty, of Howard, was a Mt. Eagle visitor Sunday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. John Braumbaugh, of Altoona, made a flying visit to Mt. Eagle on Tuesday to say howdy-do to the latter's father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Pheasant.

Quite a group of young men from this place departed Sunday evening for the Alleghenies, at the head of Laurel Run, to hunt rabbits.

Those on the sick list at this time include Grandmother Robinson, who is under the doctor's care. We are happy to note that she is somewhat improved.

Miss Brown, of Snow Shoe, spent a few days with her friend, Mrs. Roland McCartney, on the farm, leaving Saturday for home.

Miss Williams, who is employed in a millinery shop in Bellefonte, spent Sunday at the home of her mother, Mrs. Bricker, on the farm.

Some good for-nothing cur has been putting poison at places in Mt. Eagle to kill the dogs and cats. Alf Strickland and George Bryan are among the losers.

J. F. Deitz is busy painting the porch at the home of his son-in-law, J. O. Leathers.

Miss Anna Deitz, who is a trained nurse at Lock Haven, was home for a day recently.

Miss Carrie Shank went to Lock Haven and spent Sunday with friends.

Miss Julia Daughenbaugh, of Howard, spent Sunday with her friends, Misses Rhue and Gertrude Leathers.

Farmer Earl Leathers is busy raising his potatoes, which this year did not prove to be a very big crop.

Hurrah for Brumbaugh.

Live Stock Show.

November 14th has been set aside as Live Stock Day at the Pennsylvania State College. On this occasion the new stock judging pavilion and dairy barn are to be dedicated. In addition to these exercises a live stock show will be held on the college grounds. This exhibit will consist of live stock owned by the Pennsylvania State College and surrounding territory, as well as several exhibits from a distance. Seventy-two head of feeding cattle and a carload of horses that are to be fed on experiments this winter, will also be on exhibition.

The completion of these two buildings marks a new era in the development of the live stock work at Penn State. They afford a greater opportunity for more extensive experiments and live stock teachings. They are buildings of which the farmers and live stock men of Pennsylvania may justly feel proud.

Pennsylvania State College extends to the public a cordial invitation to pay it a visit on this date. Every effort will be made to entertain you as its guest. Come and see your own State institution with its 2500 students, its equipment and facilities for teaching the young men and women of the State.

Read "The Republican $1.50 a year.

LA VALLIERS

AND

BRACELET WATCHES

are "ALL THE GO." Come in and see our assortment. It is complete.

Our complete 66-page catalogue sent upon request.

F. P. BLAIR & SON

JEWELERS AND OPTICIANS

Bellefonte, Pa.

The Assistant Bookkeeper

How Edgerton Got His Start.

By THOMAS R. DEAN

Jimmie Edgerton's father died when Jimmie was fifteen years old. He had no mother, brother or sister, and he had not a hundred dollars in the world. His father told him on his deathbed that he would find in a stocking in the chimney some money that no one but the two of them knew was there. After the father's death Jimmie found enough to pay his father's funeral expenses and leave a small balance.

Realizing that he must go to work, the boy went about seeking a position. He was a delicate looking youth, his features being finely molded. Everywhere he was told that he was not rugged enough to do hard work, and he noticed that all the positions that did not require bodily strength were given to girls. He kept up his hunt for a week, then gave it up—that is, he gave up trying to get a job under his own identity.

He was not a boy to be discouraged, and if he couldn't make a living in one way he determined to try another. If the only positions for which he was fitted were given to girls, why not make a girl of himself and get a job as such? He spent the remainder of what he had found in the stocking in such woman's apparel as he needed and started out again on his search.

Jimmie made up as a very pretty girl. He possessed a pair of mild blue eyes, a sensitive mouth, and, his light hair being cut like a man's, he used a curling iron to make it wavy. His voice was naturally soft and readily mistaken for a girl's contralto. He was of medium height and for a boy was very well shaped. One who had not seen him in boy's dress would surely believe him to be a girl.

Arrayed as a member of the gentler sex, Jimmie, under the name of Ellen Forsythe, started again on his errand. This time he met with better success. A storekeeper, Henry Perkins, was keeping his own books and getting tired of working nights on them. He hired Jimmie to make such entries as would facilitate the work on his books, intending to teach him the principles of double entry. The salary was small, but enough to pay for his keep.

The only barrier to Jimmie's getting on in his position was that he made too pretty a girl. Perkins, who was a bachelor twenty-seven years old, employed a saleswoman, Sara Cartright, a few years younger than himself. Miss Cartright had set her cap for her employer and was much disgruntled when he took into his service the pretty assistant.

It was not long before Jimmie found himself between two fires. Perkins began to show him little attentions and to express a fear that he was working too hard. Every attention, every bit of solicitude her employer expressed for the assistant bookkeeper was to the saleswoman like a red rag waved before a mad bull. Then, too, the performances of a man who supposed his employee to be a woman were not only disagreeable to Jimmie, but must result, sooner or later, in a revelation of his sex and a consequent probable loss of his position.

Miss Cartright made herself especially disagreeable to the supposed Ellen Forsythe. If Jimmie made a mistake in an account Miss Cartright would make as much of it as there was in it and as much more as she dared. Perkins would mildly reprove Jimmie and do what he could to pacify Sara, but he dared not openly defend his bookkeeper—why, no one knew, though it was surmised that, since he had been devoted to Miss Cartright before Jimmie's appearance, he might have been too seriously involved with her to shake her off.

Whenever Perkins would show a disposition to make love to Jimmie the boy would do what he could to stave him off. This only added zest to Perkins' passion. At last he became so marked in his attentions that he brought about a rebellion on the part of Miss Cartright.

One day Perkins appeared to be much disgruntled, Miss Cartright appeared to be much disturbed, and an atmosphere preceding a storm pervaded the store. The same evening, when Jimmie was working on the books, Perkins came into the store and after a few commonplace remarks said:

"Ellen, Miss Cartright has insisted upon my discharging you."

"Indeed!"

"Yes; she says that either you or she must go."

"Why not send her off instead of me?"

"It's a delicate matter to talk about, but if you'll promise to keep the secret I'll tell you."

"I promise."

"Before you came here I was foolish enough to make love to her. She's jealous of you."

"What can she do to harm you?"

"She's got a letter from me making a proposal. If I send her away she'll ruin me."

"How?"

"Oh, there are lots of ways a woman can ruin a man if she chooses to do so. In this case she can sue me for breach of promise. If she does she may get damages, but I wouldn't care so much for that if the suit did not ruin my business on account of the public scandal involved."

"You're in a hole, aren't you?"

"I surely am."

"Well, Mr. Perkins, I think you'd better discharge me."

"That would be only putting off the evil day."

"Don't you wish to marry Miss Cartright?"

"I'd rather marry Satan's widow."

"It's a problem. Let me sleep over it. I'll see if I can find a solution."

"Being a woman yourself, you will know how a woman may be handled."

"Just so."

The next morning while Miss Cartright was busy with a customer Jim beckoned Perkins to come into the office and when there said:

"Discharge me."

"Discharge you?"

"Yes, ostensibly. I'll go away for awhile. You can keep up my salary. I'm going to try to work out a scheme."

Perkins brightened with hope. "I thought you would be smart enough to circumvent her," he said.

"I haven't done it yet."

Half an hour later Jim walked out of the store. Stopping before a counter where stood Miss Cartright, he bade her goodby, thanking her for the many kinds acts for which he was indebted to her.

"Why do you go?"

"I'm discharged."

"Oh! Well, goodby!"

Miss Cartright was all smiles the rest of the day. Mr. Perkins appeared neither very cross nor very amiable. Miss Cartright was affable to him and did what she could to win a smile from him.

A few days later Jim in male costume appeared at Miss Cartright's boarding house and asked to see her. She entered the room where he was and looked at him in surprise.

"Is this Miss Sara Cartright?" he asked.

"Why, of course I'm Sara Cartright. And you're Ellen Forsythe. What are you doing in those clothes?"

Jim smiled. "You're not the first person who has mistaken me for my sister. I have come to you to learn where I can find her. I have been told that you work in a store where she keeps the books."

The woman looked at him, puzzled. He returned her look through his own honest gaze and won.

"You must be twins," she said.

"We are."

"Your sister has left the store, and I don't know where she has gone."

"How unfortunate!" said Jim, evidently much disappointed. "Do you know of any one who can put me on her track?"

"No, I do not unless Mr. Perkins, for whom she worked, can do so."

"Where can I find him?"

Miss Cartright told Jim where he could find the store. Before leaving he asked her if he could get a room in the house where she lodged, and he was referred to the landlady, who gladly took him in. This being arranged, he departed.

But he didn't go to Perkins' store. He wrote Perkins a note (in a disguised hand) asking him if he could let him know the whereabouts of Ellen Forsythe and received a reply from his employer that he could not. This note he showed the next evening to Miss Cartright and made her joyful that Miss Forsythe had not only left Perkins' employ, but they had evidently parted in other respects. Jim told Miss Cartright that he would remain where he was until he had found his sister. An uncle had died and left the twins a large fortune.

Jim was anxious to find his sister because their property had been left to them jointly and one could not touch it without the other's assent.

From time to time Perkins received communications from his ex-bookkeeper stating that all was working well and it was to be expected that his enemy would be outwitted. Then one evening when Perkins was at the store working on the books there came a rap on the door. When it was opened there stood Miss Forsythe's twin brother.

"Ellen," exclaimed the astonished Perkins, "what does this mean?"

"I'm not Ellen Forsythe. I'm Jim Edgerton."

He pushed his way into the store and shut the door after him. Then he told Perkins his story from first to last. From his pocket he took a letter from Sara Cartright, accepting from him a proposition of marriage, and handed it to Perkins. The latter read it and, throwing his arms around Jim, exclaimed:

"I loved you as a girl, and now I love you as a man! You've got me out of the biggest scrape of my life."

"Do you know what Benjamin Franklin said to his fellow American Revolutionists?" asked Jim.

"No. What did he say?"

"He said, 'We must hang together or hang separately.' In other words, if she goes for you I'll prove she was engaged to me. If she goes for me I'll depend upon you to clear me. But she won't go for me. I'm sure of that."

"Why not?"

"I won her on the ground that I and my sister were heirs to a big fortune."

The next day Sara Cartright was discharged from Perkins' service, and Jim was made junior partner in the business. He proved to have excellent business qualifications, and Perkins, being under a great obligation to him, advanced him rapidly. It was not long before Jim was the real manager, and his partner deferred to him in all things. Jim was of an inventive turn of mind and inclined to enter upon new paths. His ventures were successful, and he made for himself and Perkins a large fortune.

But he never let up on the latter for making love to him.

CHRISTMAS

is coming and you will be looking around for that present you intend giving to the boy and girl---Nothing will give them the pleasure they will receive from a

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Bellefonte - - Pa.

A Quick Revenge

Story of the Balkans

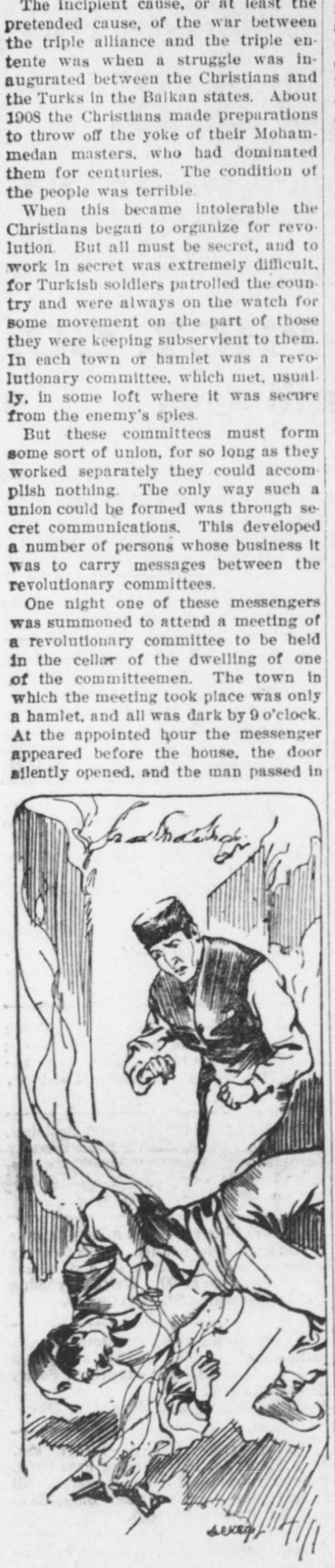
By F. A. MITCHEL

The incipient cause, or at least the pretended cause, of the war between the triple alliance and the triple entente was when a struggle was inaugurated between the Christians and the Turks in the Balkan states. About 1908 the Christians made preparations to throw off the yoke of their Mohammedan masters, who had dominated them for centuries. The condition of the people was terrible.

When this became intolerable the Christians began to organize for revolution. But all must be secret, and to work in secret was extremely difficult, for Turkish soldiers patrolled the country and were always on the watch for some movement on the part of those they were keeping subservient to them. In each town or hamlet was a revolutionary committee, which met, usually, in some loft where it was secure from the enemy's spies.

But these committees must form some sort of union, for so long as they worked separately they could accomplish nothing. The only way such a union could be formed was through secret communications. This developed a number of persons whose business it was to carry messages between the revolutionary committees.

One night one of these messengers was summoned to attend a meeting of a revolutionary committee to be held in the cellar of the dwelling of one of the committeemen. The town in which the meeting took place was only a hamlet, and all was dark by 9 o'clock. At the appointed hour the messenger appeared before the house, the door silently opened, and the man passed in



THREW HIM INTO THE FLAMES.

and was conducted to the cellar. There he found the committee lighted by a single candle. But there were no windows through which a ray could be seen from without.

"Boris," said the chief, "we have taken measures to get rid of a gang of Turkish robbers who have made their headquarters at G. (a small village not a dozen miles distant). These men have been absorbing the provisions and animals of our people and carrying off their women. Two days ago when a farmer came in at evening from his work he found his son murdered and his wife and his daughter missing. As soon as he could recover from the shock, mad for revenge, he raised a posse and followed the robbers. Finding them encamped at night in a wood, the posse fired upon them. They fled, leaving the women.

"These Turks are a part of the band who have taken up their quarters in G. in a house that stands by itself, thus permitting them to defend themselves on all sides if attacked. They have barricaded the doors and windows.

"Go to the surrounding towns and tell the committee of each to send what men it can to attack the robbers' stronghold at 2 o'clock on Friday morning. Let all the parties take position without the town of G. to be ready when ordered to advance upon the robbers. Let them have arms and ammunition, but we will provide what may be necessary to unearth the villains provided other means than bullets be required. Go and caution every one to be discreet."

"Who is to command the attack?" asked Boris.

"The committee has chosen me to command."

"Very well; I will see that at the hour appointed at least three parties will be in position to close in on the robbers."

The messenger passed out into the night, and the head committeeman, Alexander Arkad, gave instructions to two of the men to get ready certain articles that would likely be needed in the attack. Then those present one by one silently left the house.

At 2 o'clock on the appointed morning four parties approached G. from opposite points and stopped a short distance outside the town. That headed by Alexander was the largest and carried, among other articles, a heavy piece of oak timber. Alexander made a circuit around the town to see that the different detachments were in position and returned to his own party. He ordered all to wait fifteen minutes by the watch, then close in about the robbers' stronghold.

It was a perfectly clear night. No moon, but myriads of stars glittered above, brighter for being seen through the clear atmosphere of that mountainous region. The quiet heavens were in contrast with the struggle about the open. The time the men wasted seemed interminable, and all were relieved when it was over. Then each body advanced as quietly as possible, covering that part of the house to be attacked as appointed. Last came Alexander and his six men, four of them bearing the heavy timber. Placing one end at the door of the house, they first swung it back, then drove it forward, and the stillness was broken by a loud thud against the door.

Again the timber was swung back and thrust forward, the contact resounding in the still night. No light appeared in the village. If a face was at any window it could not be seen. Doubtless citizens in their beds soon realized that something was in store for the men who had been terrorizing them and offered a silent prayer that the end of their sufferings was about to come. The women hugged their children to their breasts and shuddered.

The door was well barred, and it required a dozen blows of the battering ram to force it open. When the desired result was obtained and there was nothing to obstruct a passage several of the attacking party entered, but they were received by a fire from within and retired.

And now the besieging party began to discover that, though they were very near the house, the robbers found ways of bringing their fire to bear upon them. Several were picked off, when Alexander ordered his men to withdraw behind any article of defense they could find. Then for a time there was a desultory firing between the two forces, with no definite results. At last Alexander directed one of his men who had remained in the rear to bring forward combustibles.

Several men took kindling saturated with kerosene, ran swiftly to a part of the house where it was most difficult for the robbers to shoot them and, crouching on the ground, placed the kindling against the house and ignited it.

The besieged now saw that their doom was sealed. If they remained where they were they would be burned or suffocated; if they surrendered they would receive no quarter. They could only sell their lives as dearly as possible. But there was nothing to shoot at, for the attacking party were all screened. Presently a flame began to crawl up from the kindling, growing brighter and brighter, crawling higher and higher, till it cast a light on the surrounding houses. Then the Turks could better discern the positions of their enemies and recommenced their firing.

And now faces began to appear at the neighboring windows. But the malice of the Turks, who, since they must die, were ready to kill even women and children, drove away these inoffensive persons. Not a shot was fired by the attackers, though the Turks exposed themselves, hoping to die rather by the bullet than by fire. They had shown no mercy to the Christians whom they had robbed, murdered and tortured, and now their destroyers would not grant them the boon of lead instead of fire.

By this time the house was enveloped in flames. A Turk ran out, hoping to be shot. He was filled with bullets, but those who shot him took care that he should not be struck in a vital part. He fell, and one of his enemies—the man whose wife and daughter had been carried away—picked him up and threw him into the flames.

The cries of these miscreants who had long terrorized this region grew less and fainter till at last they ceased altogether. Then and not till then the people of the hamlet came out of their houses, many of them in their night clothes, and, wild with joy, danced around the building, from which still issued fitful flames. It may seem barbarous to us, living in a land of law and order, but when the oppressed turns against a barbarous oppressor the Christian virtues are not to be expected.

When it was all over the several detachments withdrew each to its own locality, while the older persons of the town went back to bed, leaving the children to dance about the smoking ruins. The struggle for the freedom of the Balkans from Turkish domination grew in magnitude till it became a great war. The Turk was driven to Constantinople, and it looked for awhile as if the states would be free from Turkish rule. But the Balkans are composed of different races, speaking different languages, and, having achieved their purpose in getting rid of the Turk, they began to quarrel among themselves. Then their ancient enemy came back to tyrannize over them as of yore.

But the Turk is not the only one to take advantage of their differences. More recently the flame of war broke out all over Europe for the disputed possession of these little mountainous states that seem intended especially to be in perpetual warfare themselves and a reason for war in others.

FOGHORN FERNANDO

He Found His Vocation

By EDWARD BOLTWOOD

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As if the sky had mysteriously discharged him, Foghorn Fernando appeared for the first time in the village of Dolcuela one morning about 4 o'clock and demanded admission to the Pacific hotel. At that hour the sky was actually discharging the plump raindrops of a tropical thunder shower.

Over his breakfast table Colonel Hopapple, the landlord, described to his guests the stranger's advent.

Judge Sloat, a disbarred attorney from Los Angeles, suggested, "Let us look over this person," and they went to the sunny courtyard to inspect the new arrival.

He was leaning against a cart wheel and gazing sadly at Hopapple's aged pair of mules as they dozed in their rope harness. Cross examined, he gave the name of Fernando. He sought employment.

"How comes an honest man out of work?" asked the colonel unreasonably.

"How, in truth?" retorted Fernando. "How keep I not the job? Alas! Aye! It is some curse. I toil, I slave. But, listen! I recount to you!"

The forthcoming torrent of words was not in the least intelligible, but soon the disconsolate orator seemed to be attempting, and with prospect of success, to make his story audible to the entire county of San Bernardino.

"Ho-lee smoke!" blurted the judge. "Is that a human throat or a steam whistle?"

"Car-r-r-ramba!" roared Fernando, filling his lungs for a final effort.

His shriek of woe was of miraculous volume, and the mules instantly tossed their venerable heels at the horizon and flew, panic stricken, out of the court. The crowd jostled through the gate in pursuit, while Colonel Hopapple, who had been knocked over by the runaways, addressed Fernando warmly.

"Consarn it, why did you howl like that?" said he.

"Ah, I was excite in the head," explained the little Mexican. "Always when I am excite then must I talk with strength. But look, senor! But regard! The mulos, they come back on us already!"

Between the blacksmith's and the hotel was Dolcuela's dry goods district, consisting of Tomas Monzon's store, and now from the store serenely emerged Monzon's daughter, Miss Anita, a large lady of an indolent mind. Physically and mentally Anita moved slowly and there stood, as if paralyzed, in the path of danger.

It was little Fernando who scurried first to her side and stopped the mules.

That afternoon Fernando was hired as assistant clerk in Tomas Monzon's store.

* * * * * * * *

Foghorn Fernando proved a pretty good clerk.

At the end of two weeks he received his first wages and promptly proposed to Anita behind a stack of ginghams.

"We shall see," temporized Anita and she allowed him to kiss her chub by hand. Then she dropped her eyelashes tenderly and left Foghorn alone in a paradise behind the ginghams where he commenced to mutter rapturously to himself.

"I am going to marry with your daughter," he announced to Tomas Monzon.

"You—you!" jabbered Monzon, turning a vivid purple. "You shall marry with my broomstick, that is all," and he pushed Fernando into the plaza by means of that inglorious weapon.

It happened that the banishment was witnessed by Padre Bonar, whose kind heart was touched by the exile's despair. The priest immediately convoyed Fernando to the mission and assigned him to the various duties of a handy man.

In his new surroundings Foghorn worked hard and took new hope in respect to Anita Monzon.

One Sunday morning before the service he contrived to whisper to Anita in the chapel porch.

"Is your love awaiting for me, most adorable?" breathed Fernando.

She nodded sweetly and returned the secret clasp of his hand beneath the folds of her mantilla. Fernando nearly fainted with delight as he climbed the ladder to the little organ loft, where his business was to pump the decrepit bellows.

When the service was ended he leaped over the rail of the gallery. There sat his Anita directly beneath him, and Foghorn in an ecstasy of pride gazed down at her ample shoulders. The joy of ownership filled Fernando's soul, and his lips moved, framing soft endearments. Suddenly—what was this?

The pew next to Miss Monzon's was occupied that morning by Judge Sloat and now, in horror, Fernando saw the false Anita's hand steal invitingly toward the judge and saw the judicial fingers meet and caress it without apparent objection on the lady's part. But not so on Foghorn's. He lifted up his voice.

Luckily, most of the congregation had already filed out of the chapel, so that the ensuing panic crushed no body. Padre Bonar strode into the aisle with an angry face, and Foghorn Fernando left the mission forever.

* * * * * * * *

Fernando thereupon applied again for employment at the Pacific hotel, but Colonel Hopapple before answering pulled his chair into the shade and stared doubtfully across the plaza.

"'Pears to me, my son," remarked the colonel, "that the dispensation of Providence has got you saddle galled when it comes to keepin' jobs. That pesky syreen contraption you carry in your chest is liable any minute to stampede stock and bust up trade and scare folks plumb into forgettin' their meals."

"But that loudness of me is not often," suggested Foghorn Fernando.

The colonel waved his corncob.

"Didn't you ever take somethin' for it—slippery ellum or boneset or somethin'? Well, by time! What's this unbeknown caravan a-comin'?"

The last question was provoked by an enormous four horse wagon swinging around the corner of the street. The wagon body was boxed in by gayly painted canvas bearing the legend:

OLD DR. GIMBLE, M. D.
GENERAL HEALER.
ONE PRICE TO ALL.

When the vehicle reached the hotel a tall, gray bearded individual wearing a linen duster leaped from the driver's seat.

"Howdy, doc?" said Hopapple pleasantly.

"Good morning, my friend," replied the general healer. "Can you tell me the size of this settlement?"

"You can see it all from here," said the landlord, gesturing at Dolcuela with his pipe.

Dr. Gimble looked about him carefully.

"I don't guess it would pay me to stop," he decided. "I've got to make a county fair tomorrow, and—there ain't anybody sick in this town, anyway, is there?"

"Not that I've heard of," Hopapple rejoined. "We're tol'rable preserved, thank you." Then his eyes fell on Fernando, perched despondently on the hitching rail. "Why, by mighty, I dunno, after all!" mused the colonel. "How do you stand, doc, on the science of the throat?"

"Ace big," declared the physician. "Give me a quarter, open your mouth and say 'Ah.'"

"Shucks, it ain't me!" Hopapple corrected. "It's that little greaser. If you can cure his voice I'll go you two bits just for greens. Talk loud for the doc, you, Fernando, and I'll hold them horses if I can."

Foghorn obeyed, while the plaza rang like a sounding board. The astonished Gimble rubbed his ears and glared at Fernando with great earnestness.

"For the love of Mike!" he gasped. "How long can you keep that up?"

"It's the easiest thing he does, and that's the trouble," said Colonel Hopapple. "He'd keep it up all day if he wasn't stopped. Can you cure him?"

The doctor, after a thoughtful pause, removed his silk hat and with it clapped Fernando three deliberate strokes on the left shoulder.

"Cure him!" cried Gimble joyously. "No, I won't cure him. If he'll hire out with me I'll give him $100 a month and cakes. I own two medicine wagon shows and a merry-go-round, and this fellow will sure make the best ballyhoo barker in the business. Why, put him on a platform outside a 6 by 9 tent with that voice and my patter and he'd have a county fair thinking it was Barnum & Bailey. What do you say, partner?"

Fernando, in a blissful daze, said nothing. He had understood nothing except the proposed salary, and his reticence caused the showman to be fearful of losing such a vocal treasure.

"Here's an advance of $50 to bind the contract," added Dr. Gimble hastily. "We'll start for Cactus City in a half hour, after I've fed up."

* * * * * * * *

When Fernando entered Monzon's establishment that forenoon the indignant merchant reached for his broomstick, but Foghorn never wavered. He held his head high and hummed a tune as he glanced around the store in the manner of the emperor of Germany at a review of troops.

"Where is the proprietor of this little shop, my good man?" said Fernando to Monzon.

Tomas, unable to devise suitable objurgations, puffed out his cheeks helplessly, and Fernando tossed a yellow bill on the showcase.

"I amuse myself a minute on my travels," he continued, "by purchasing jewels. It is my habit. Let me see that miserable trinket, if you will," and he pointed at an enormous breastpin of imitation gold and diamonds, which had been coveted for years by every girl in Dolcuela.

"The price," faltered Monzon, "is eleven"—

"Wrap it up," directed Fernando. "I buy!"

Tomas was overwhelmed. He waddled feebly to his safe in the rear of the store and emptied his money drawer in a vain attempt to make change for the yellow bill. But his customer was not left alone, for Anita Monzon now glided forward from behind a pile of ginghams, thinking of the eighty cent brooch which Judge Sloat had given her at Christmas.

"Sweetheart!" she murmured to Fernando.

Foghorn yawned at her elaborately.

"Is it that you also are employed here, my worthy woman?" said he. "Show me, then, if you please, half a dozen finger rings of your best value. I expect that I meet in Cactus City, whither I am traveling, a lady of station to whom I may wish to present slight gifts!"

The Bliss of Solitude

A Girl Who Wasn't Lonely and Was Lonely

By DOROTHY CANFIELD

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The last time I came from Europe, although I was supposed to be in charge of my pretty young niece, I did not appear on deck until the last day of the voyage. I was tired, and I knew that Puss had plenty of acquaintances on board. She is the soft eyed, appealing, helpless sort of girl who is always looked after. When I finally ascended to the upper world I was, therefore, both surprised and remorseful to find her looking troubled and almost distressed.

"Why, Puss, dear," I said, with a pang of compunction for my neglect, "what is the trouble? You haven't been lonely, have you, without me?"

My niece looked at me strangely for a moment and then said, with the oddest intonation:

"No, Aunt Mary, I haven't been lonely." The last word seemed to have some curious effect on her, for she repeated it. "Lonely? No, not a bit lonely."

And then she frightened me by breaking out in a hysterical laugh

"I'VE BEEN SO LONELY WITHOUT YOU."

which ended in an equally hysterical fit of sobbing. I was so alarmed that I shook her roughly.

"Puss, stop this minute! Tell me what has happened!" I said in my sternest tones.

She only began to laugh again, choking and sobbing as she said through her handkerchief, "Well, then, I just will tell you what's the matter—so there!" She sat up, wiping her eyes and began pouring out a rapid flood of narrative: "You see, Aunt Mary, last May—the 17th of May—Oscar Henderson asked me to marry him. You're the very first person I've told, but I don't care—I had to tell it to somebody! Well, it was the most solemn thing you can imagine—so different from just flirting, you know. I felt that I had come to a turning point in my life." She brought out the serious words with a defiant accent, as if she knew how incongruous they sounded from her childlike mouth. "I told him I couldn't decide such a terribly important thing right off, and he said to take all the time I wanted, for it was a life and death matter for him. I wanted to go off by myself, think it all quietly out and make up my mind seriously, you know, the way girls do in novels after days of solitary thought. I never took any stock in that sort of thing when I used to read about it, but then I saw all at once how necessary it is. Why, at home, with father and the boys and little Maggie to look after and the housekeeping to do, and such strings of callers, and all the girls on the block dropping in every minute, and so many engagements for a month ahead, I didn't have a single instant to myself.

"I tried to get a little leisure there at first, but it was no use. If I went for a walk in Central park I was sure to meet somebody I knew or else one of the boys would want to go with me, and at the house the doorbell and the telephone ring all the time. I wasn't even alone in my own room, for ever since mother's death I've had Maggie there with me to keep her from missing mother so much. I kept account, finally, and found that for a whole week I wasn't alone, by actual clock time, quite three-quarters of an hour, and you can't decide the question of your life in that time.

"So I decided I'd go down to our country house ahead of the family and have a week there quite by myself. Father thought it was something awful, my going off that way, but finally he gave in on condition that one of the boys should take me down on the train. Our old caretaker met me at the station and drove me out to the house, telling me all the news of the village. I went upstairs to my room, took off my things, and for a few minutes—for five minutes at least—I was all alone. But, when I went downstairs, there, in front of the library fire, sat Sallie Prentiss—my best chum, you know—with such a pleased look on her face at the lovely surprise she had given me.

"'You old dear!' she said as she kissed me. 'Your father told me about how you felt you had to come here alone to put the house in order, and I just ran down to keep you company. We'll have a real good visit and be together every minute, just the way we used to in school.'

"Now, Aunt Mary, what could I do? Of course she stayed, and we were never out of each other's sight and went back to New York on the same train. That evening I wanted to cry, I felt so discouraged, but I couldn't even do that for fear of scaring Maggie. Then the old life began.

"I got perfectly distracted, with Oscar waiting and with me more confused every time I looked at him. At last, one evening, I thought I saw the way out of it all. Sallie Prentiss came over to ask father if I couldn't join a party of girls who had graduated from our school and were going abroad with one of the teachers. I jumped at the chance! I'd always been crazy to go abroad, but I didn't think of that at all. It only seemed to me a way of getting away from New York and all the hundred million people who wanted me to talk with them, so I teased father till he said I could go.

"Aunt Mary"—she paused with a solemn forefinger upraised—"if you ever want to be by yourself don't go to Europe with a party of girls. Why, New York was a desert of solitude compared with that party! They're all a little bit older than I and had been abroad before, and they promised one another—I overheard them and felt like jumping overboard—that they wouldn't let dear little Puss get lonely and homesick.

"Well, of course I didn't draw a breath during the voyage that wasn't shared by the others, and when we landed in France it was just as bad. Miss Hopper wouldn't let one of us so much as stick our nose out alone, because it wasn't proper, and one of the girls always roomed with me. The only time when I wasn't supposed to be ready to talk and be sociable was when I was writing letters. I tried to use that as a pretext and would sit and just make my pen go without writing anything. But what satisfaction was there in thinking about Oscar and whether I was in love with him or not while I had to keep my pen jiggling up and down? I soon gave that up!

"Finally I gave up trying and put it off until I sailed for the trip home. I knew the girls were going to stay over till a later boat, and I knew you liked to be still and quiet, and I thought I'd have long days of leisure all to myself. When I said goodby to the girls in Liverpool they asked me to say honestly if I'd been lonely or homesick, and you should have heard me! I just shouted, 'Well, I should say not!' They looked so pleased—dense things!

"The passenger list scared me a little—so many names on it of people who live right near us and know me so well—but I thought maybe they'd be sick or something. I never dreamed folks could be so hatefully well! They knew me right away, and they've been laying themselves out to give me a good time. A good time!" She repeated the words with a bitterly ironic accent. "They've just tagged me around every waking minute. I declare, I've been ready to jump over the rail. There isn't anywhere you can go to get away from people on a ship. The Mason girls insisted the first night out that I should move my things into their big stateroom on the promenade deck and take the berth Ella was to have, only she decided to wait over. I begged on my bended knees to be let off, but Mrs. Mason thought it was because I was afraid of being in their way, and she wouldn't listen to me. 'No, indeed, my dear,' she said in that overbearing way she has when she wants to be kind. 'Mary Helston's daughter is like one of my own. You must come and stay with us and be like a member of our family.' Well, I was!" my niece concluded savagely. "This is the first instant I've not had a Mason of some sort hanging around me. That eldest Mason boy, the one that's in Princeton, has been trotting after me all the time his sisters left me alone. And then you come up on deck"—she began to laugh wildly again—"and ask me if I've been lonely. Why, Aunt Mary, here we are actually coming into New York—we'll be there in a few hours! I promised Oscar I'd give him his answer on the pier, and I don't know any more what to say this 23d of September than I did on the 17th of May. How can I think with such an incessant humming and buzzing in my ears every minute? I'm afraid to see Oscar. I don't feel as if I'd really recognize him when I see him. I'm so rattled."

She paused, and I opened my mouth to speak, when a great change came over her pretty, worried face. She gazed down the deck with beaming, starlike eyes, and her lips parted in an incredulous, happy smile. When she spoke her voice took on an indescribable cadence of amazed delight.

"Why, there he is now!" she exclaimed. "He must have come aboard with the customs officers. Oscar, here I am!"

It must not be supposed that she gave this information to satisfy any curiosity on my part. She was evidently only thinking aloud, for no one could have been more oblivious of my presence than she as the young man came toward her, his hands outstretched in an eager gesture of welcome. She flung herself into his arms in a passion of content, and these were the astonishing words with which she greeted him, uttered with so heartfelt an accent as to leave no possible doubt of her sincerity:

"Oh, Oscar, I've been so lonely without you!"

Foot Strain.

Rudyard Kipling makes one of his characters in a military tale say "A soldier is as good as his feet."

The man or woman whose occupation or duties require them to stand or walk for a great portion of the day comes to a certain extent in the same category—they are no better than their feet, says State Health Commissioner Dixon.

This is not alone due to their lack of mobility but to the ever present strain on the nervous system when the feet are partially incapacitated. Anyone who has suffered from the breaking down of the arches of the feet can appreciate how extremely painful this is and how serious a handicap. Cases of this sort are of an extreme character.

What people do not appreciate is that worn down heels which throw the weight of the body to one side or other of the foot may cause a continuous strain when walking or standing. Many people who are particularly careful in the care of their hands pay less attention to their other extremities.

Our modern shoemakers are turning out better shoes than have ever been made in the history of the world. They are less clumsy and more serviceable. Unfortunately, however, the dictates of fashion have led women and men to wear footgear which distorts the natural shape of the foot.

The Roman sandal which permitted the toes to assume their natural position and allowed each one of the five to bear its portion of the weight and give spring to the step was obviously more sensible than the French heeled pump. The latter throws the weight of the body on the ball of the foot and this causes a strain to keep the body balanced. This may be an unconscious action, but it is nevertheless extremely tiresome. It is possible owing to the craftsmanship of present day shoemakers for both men and women to secure neat, trim looking footgear which is sensible in shape.

To be comfortably shod is no small factor in the preparation for one's daily work and will prove a material aid in increasing individual efficiency.

Students on Inspection Trip.

Forty students, candidates for the dairy cattle judging team that the Pennsylvania State College has sent to the annual National Dairy Show, in Chicago last week went on a tour of inspection of the important commercial and private dairies in eastern Pennsylvania and New Jersey. They were accompanied by Professor E. L. Anthony, of the animal husbandry department, the team coach.

Among the prominent dairies they visited were: T. Dewitt Cuyler's White Horse farm, near Newton Square, Delaware county; George Wood's Wawa dairy, at Wawa, Pa.; Percival Roberts' farm, at Narberth; Hillside dairy, at Paoli; Breyer's Ice Cream plant, Philadelphia, and the Supplee Milk company, Philadelphia. The students will be afforded an opportunity to inspect high grade dairy cattle at the various dairies.

Competition for the four places on the stock judging team was keen. Every night the candidates worked out in the new stock judging pavilion under the direction of faculty experts.

The team competed in the student dairy cattle judging contest—a contest restricted to animal husbandry students in the land grant colleges. Last year Penn State won fifth place among the 16 teams sent from agricultural colleges throughout the United States.

Prizes amounting to $1 600 will be distributed this year. At the last contest Penn State scored the "high man" in judging Guernseys, and the team brought home all the prizes offered in that class. The Pennsylvania boys finished second in judging Ayrshires.

Electrical Terms Explained.

A volt is the unit of measure of the pressure or electromotive force which forces the electric current through the resistance of a circuit.

An amphere is the unite of measure of the intensity of this electric current flowing through the circuit.

A watt is the work done in a circuit, with a current of one amphere flowing at a pressure one volt and it is the unit of electrical energy.

A kilowatt is 1000 watts and is used as the unit of basis of charge for light and power, to avoid the use of a large number of figures, as when expressed in watts. Electrical energy is sold by the kilowatt-hour or the use of one kilowatt for one hour.

A horse power is a mechanical term of the energy required to raise 33,000 pounds one foot in one minute. Expressed in electrical terms it is equal to 740 watts or approximately three-fourths of a kilowatt.

Bellefonte Druggist Has Valuable Agency

Green's Pharmacy Company has the Bellefonte agency for the simple mixture of buckthorn bark, glycerine, etc., known as Adler-i-ka, the remedy which became famous by curing appendicitis. This simple remedy has powerful action and drains such surprising amounts of old matter from the body that JUST ONE DOSE relieves sour stomach, gas on the stomach and constipation almost IMMEDIATELY. The QUICK action of Adler-i-ka is astonishing.

Read "The Republican" $1.50 a year

Jastom Joslin's Luck

A Fortunate Blunder.

By REINETTE LOVEWELL

Copyright by Frank A. Munsey Co.

Sadie Kiernan sat staring vacantly out of the window.

Before her on the table lay a small yellow envelope with the figure 7, a period and two zero marks inscribed in one corner. This had been hurled there ten minutes before by the president of the Acme Knife company and was in final settlement of her account with his house.

Sadie had lost her job.

She paid $4 a week to Mrs. Tierney for her board, and the Saturday before, by special dispensation, she had been permitted to delay for seven days the remittance of this amount.

Hence there was now due Mrs. Tierney, payable on demand, the sum of $8, and the contents of the envelope, augmented by 41 cents in her tarnished mesh purse, would lack 59 cents of the board bill.

Agitated by the thought of confronting Mrs. Tierney in explanation of her breach of promise, Sadie permitted a large and disfiguring drop of ink to fall upon a ledger in which she was making a few final entries prior to her leave taking.

All the while the Acme Knife company sat at its desk with a frown on its face. The Acme Knife company was Mr. Arthur Lawton.

He was a young man of mild manners and had never before experienced the pain of firing a stenographer. As he heard a stifled little sniff from the typewriter table where Sadie sat he grabbed his hat and left the office to seek diversion.

His stenographer usually received from Mr. Lawton's lips four or five short letters each day. She knew her shorthand system as a Mohammedan knows the Koran, and she had never yet made a crook or a hook that she could not decipher. The marks she made stood for the words Mr. Lawton said, and she never got them wrong.

It was only when she started to spell them that she encountered difficulty.

Fortunately for his stenographer, the president was out soliciting orders most of the eight hours Sadie was on duty, and there wasn't much to do, so she had abundant opportunity for orthographic research.

Her "Handy Dictionary and Encyclopedia of Useful Information" was worn very thin and shabby, for Sadie faithfully found in its columns about ninety of every hundred words she wrote upon the machine.

But today there was no dictionary in the office. With dark suspicion she recalled that Annie Flynn, who worked in a real estate office down the hall, had looked enviously upon that trusty friend many a time.

The address of the letter she was to write was plainly printed on the letterhead Mr. Lawson had given her, so that much was smooth sailing. There seemed to be nothing she could do about the body of the letter except to spell the words as they sounded. This method was much quicker and simpler and required far less concentration than the process of dictionary research.

Sadie was a touch operator, and there were never any errors in her typewriting. Once written she did not find it necessary to read it over.

Her work ended, Sadie dreamed.

Mr. Lawton usually came in a little before closing time to read and sign his correspondence, however limited it might be, but at ten minutes of 5 on this eventful day he had not appeared. At two minutes of the hour the telephone rang sharply, and Sadie took down the receiver and recognized her employer's voice.

"Miss Kiernan," he called, "I shall have to ask you to sign that letter to Andrews & Andrews. I can't get back, and I want it to go."

She signed for the Acme Knife compeny, by its president, hastily, troubled by a sense of doubt about the spelling, and she stuck down the flap with a feeling of relief that Mr. Lawton would not see it and a firm determination to get a dictionary from somewhere before morning.

The carbon she hurried to file, pushing it far down in the folder, so that no casual examination would reveal any defects to persons who were sure of their spelling.

There it had remained until Friday, when, quite without warning, Mr. Lawton had appeared with the pay envelope and the hidden carbon.

There was a wild look in his eye, and his face was flushed.

He laid the yellow sheet out before her:

Andrews and Andrews,
Attorneys at Law,
Bushnell Building,
Rochester, N. Y.

Attention, Mr. G. Andrews:

Dear Sir—Replying to your favur of the 6th ult. I beg to stait that I have nothing ferthur to say in the mater of which you speke. It seems to me unnecessary to make a trip to Patterson on this account, and I will send Mr. Jastom Joslin on in a few days to take up the mater with you in purson. Yours truly,

ACME KNIFE CO.,
A. Lawton, President.

Mr. Lawton pointed a stern finger at the name "Jastom Joslin."

"Who in thunderation is that?" he cried. 'How did that name get there? I told you to say John Mason, and I watched you write it out in longhand myself. What do you mean by putting any such fool name as that in my letter? And look at the spelling! Are you crazy? I wouldn't have had my name signed to a letter like that for a thousand dollars—a thousand dollars, do you hear?"

Sadie heard and grew faint and sick and white as she realized that in her ecstatic state of mind she had written into the letter the name to which she one day hoped to affix Mrs. and claim as her own.

Lawton was pacing the floor deliriously.

"There's your money!" he cried. "At 5 o'clock you can go—and stay!"

When she left the store it was arranged that Jastom should meet her in the park at 7, and she walked about the streets until he joined her.

On an iron bench in the scented darkness she poured out the awful story of her discharge from the employ of the Acme Knife company.

"It was just because I was thinking about yo-u!" she said shakily at the ending.

"Don't you fret, girlie," he comforted. "You can get another job, all right."

"I'll go down to the typewriter agency in the morning," Sadie said more hopefully.

* * * * * * *

Sadie was returning from an unfruitful pilgrimage to the typewriter agency one afternoon the following week. She was getting discouraged, for the agency folks seemed to have no desire to get her away from the hard benches upon which the applicants for positions sat stoically waiting a summons to duty.

As she glanced across the street she saw her erstwhile employer, Mr. Lawton, hastening toward her.

"Miss Kiernan!" he called. "Wait a minute!"

Sadie, paused reluctantly, swallowing back some tears.

"Where did you get that name you wrote in my letter to Andrews?" he asked. "How did you happen to write it? Tell me, quick!"

"It was somebody I know," she faltered painfully, "I was—thinking about—him, and I suppose I"—

"Well, who was it?" Mr. Lawton broke out with entire lack of delicacy.

A stubborn little frown came to Sadie's face, and she made no reply.

They were in front of the building where the Acme Knife company had its office, and Mr. Lawton spoke more gently:

"Will you come upstairs, please, Miss Kiernan? Mr. Andrews is there, and he wants to ask you something about that letter. There is a very strange circumstance connected with it."

Sadie quakingly went once again into the familiar room.

"Miss Kiernan, this is Mr. Andrews, to whom you wrote last week," Lawton said.

"I was much interested in the name you wrote into Mr. Lawton's letter to me by—er—mistake," he began.

Sadie's baby skin went red.

"Those things so often occur in the rush of getting out the mail," he went on kindly. "But will you permit me to ask if that particular name belonged to some one you know?"

"Yes," she faltered faintly. "He works in a grocery store."

"Would you be good enough to direct me there?" Andrews asked, with the air of deference which so impressed Sadie.

"I'll go with you," she said.

Jastom, loading a delivery wagon, looked up in surprise as Sadie and her strange escort approached him.

"Mr. Joslin, I believe?" Mr. Andrews said, regarding the boy's clear eyes approvingly.

"May I speak with you privately just a minute?"

They walked down the block, and Sadie leaned against the fence, uncertain whether to go or stay. She wanted to see Jastom and was exceedingly curious to know what it was all about, for was not Jastom's business her business and all that concerned him of vital interest to her?

She found a piece of gum in her pocket only partially chewed and put it in her mouth. Gum chewing is in itself an occupation and oftentimes imparts a sense of self confidence.

She could see the two men talking together, the younger apparently answering questions, and from time to time the elder placed a hand on his shoulder. After a time they turned and came toward her slowly, and Mr. Andrews spoke.

"Thanks to you, Miss Kiernan," he said, smiling upon her, "I have been able to convey some very good news to your friend here."

He laid a hand on Jastom's arm.

"This young man," he went on, "is, without doubt, an heir to a very large fortune, the estate of his uncles for whom he was named. It was, you see, the peculiarity of the name which attracted me in Mr. Lawton's letter. His mother, I understand, wished to name her son for her two brothers, James and Thomas, whose heir he is, and formed the name Jastom from their abbreviation. I had advertised very widely for him, but without result. Both he and I have you to thank."

The lawyer bowed gallantly. Then he extended his hand to Jastom.

"I shall hope to see you at my hotel at 7 this evening. We must make some plans for your future."

He regarded the boy's dazed face with a smile and moved his hands toward the grocery window.

"After you leave here, Mr. Joslin," he said curiously, "what will you wish to do first of all?"

Jastom had the appearance of one aroused from a dream. He moved toward the jobless Sadie and gripped her arm loyally. Then he spoke with unhesitating decision.

"Get married!" he said briefly.

LOSSES IN BATTLE.

Men Called "Missing" Are Not Always Dead or Wounded.

In accounts of battles one almost invariably reads of the dead, wounded and "missing." That the latter are not always among the dead or wounded, nor even among the prisoners taken by the enemy, is shown in this extract from General Horace Porter's "Campaigning With Grant:"

"We learned something at Shiloh about the way in which reports of losses are sometimes exaggerated in battle. At the close of the first day's fight Sherman met a colonel of one of his regiments with only about a hundred of his soldiers in ranks and said to him, 'Why, where are your men?'

"The colonel cast his eyes sadly along the line, wiped a tear from his cheek and replied in a whimpering voice, 'We went in 800 strong and that's all that's left of us.'

"'You don't tell me!' exclaimed Sherman, beginning to be deeply affected by the fearful carnage.

"'Yes,' said the colonel, 'the rebs appeared to have a special spite against us.'

"Sherman passed along some hours afterward when the commissary was issuing rations and found the colonel's men returning on the run from under the bank of the river, where they had taken shelter from the firing, and in a few minutes nearly all of the lost 700 had rejoined and were boiling coffee and eating a hearty meal with an appetite that showed they were still very much alive."

An Ancient Builder.

Probably the greatest builder the world ever had was Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon from 604 to 561 B. C. There is scarcely a ruin in Babylonia which does not show traces of his work. Nearly everywhere in Mesopotamia and even in Persia are found bricks bearing his name. He delighted in restoring the old temples. He surrounded defenseless cities with walls and moats. He confined the rivers to their courses with huge brick embankments. Shortly before his time Babylon was completely destroyed, but he rebuilt and enlarged the city.

And One to Carry.

The high school freshman was not doing very well with his studies and the principal called him into the office one afternoon to find out what the trouble was.

As a preliminary question he asked:

"Er—Ralph, how many subjects are you carrying?"

"Why, I'm carrying one and dragging three, Mr. Buford," was the unexpectedly accurate reply.—Woman's Home Companion.

Warsaw.

Warsaw, the capital of Poland, is the third city of the Russian empire. Beautifully situated on the left bank of the Vistula, it is 700 miles from Petrograd and 400 from Berlin. It is a recognized center of science, art, industry and commerce and has a population of well over half a million.

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Central R. R. of Penna. Train Schedule.

Leave,
Bellefonte for Mill Hall. 7:05 A. M., 2:20 and 6:35 P. M.

Leave,
Mill Hall for Bellefonte, 8:37 A. M., 3:56 and 8:35 P M.

BELLEFONTE CENTRAL RAILROAD
On and after Monday, Jan. 25th, 1914 trains will run as follows from the P. R. R. station.

TRAINS TO STATE COLLEGE.

	WESTWARD.	1 A. M.	3 A. M.	5 P. M
Lv.	Bellefonte	‡ 6.30	‡ 10.15	‡ 2.00
	Coleville	6.35	10.0	2.07
	Morris	f 6.38	.....	f 2.13
	Stevens	f 6.43	.....	f 2.17
	Hunters Park	f 6.46	.....	f 2.21
	Fillmore	f 6.50	f 10.34	f 2.26
	Briarly	f 6.55	.....	f 2.33
	Waddles	7.00	10.45	2.35
	Krumrine	f 7.12	.....	f 2.50
	State College	7. 5	11.10	3.20
	Strubles	f 7. 7	.....	.....
	Bloomsdorf	f 7.31	.....	.....
	Pine Grove Mills	7.35	.....	3.40

* Daily, ‡ Daily except Sunday. "f" Stop flag

TRAINS FROM STATE COLLEGE.

	EASTWARD	A. M.	4	
Lv.	Pine Grove Mills	7.35	.....	f 3.30
	Bloomsdorf	f 7.40	.....	.....
	Strubles	f 7.45	.....	3.30
	State College	8.00	12.00n	f 5.01
	Krumrine	f 8.07		f 5.00
	Waddles	8.20	12.00	f 5.25
	Briarly	f 8.24	.....	5.27
	Fillmore	f 8.28	f 12.28	f 5.35
	Hunters Park	f 8.31	.....	f 5.40
	Stevens	f 8.35	.....	f 5.40
	Morris	f 8.37	.....	f 5.40
	Coleville	8.40	12.40	f 5.50
	Bellefonte	8.50	12.50	f 4.00

Morning trains from Montandon, Lewisburg, Williamsport Lock Haven and Tyrone connect with train No. 3 and 5 for State College. Trains from trains from Montandon, Lewisburg Williamsport, Lock Haven and Tyrone connect with train No. 5 for State College. Trains from State College connect with Penna. R. R. trains at Bellefonte to points east and west.

F. H. THOMAS, Supt.

The Main Thing About

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Is carrying a sufficient amount o really protect your property for after a fire one can only accept the result.

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Here and There.

Dr. J. C. Helfrich has purchased a Grant auto.

Miss Adeline Olewine visited over the week-end in Williamsport.

Miss Eleanor Weston was hostess at a Hallowe'en party on Saturday.

Charles Moran spent the latter part of last week here with Mrs Moran.

Miss Sallie Fitzgerald entertained with a Hallowe'en party last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. V. Larimer visited in Jersey Shore several days last week.

A roast turkey lunch was served at the Elks clubhouse on Tuesday evening.

Miss Louise Brachbill visited over the week-end with friends in Lock Haven.

Miss Dorothy Jenkins, of Tyrone, visited here with her mother over Sunday.

Miss Mame McGarvey is visiting in Pittsburgh, having gone there on Monday.

Mrs. Robert Fay and daughter, of Altoona, visited in Bellefonte on Tuesday.

Miss Margaret Furey returned home from Curwensville on Friday of last week.

Wilbur Pearce, of Latrobe, visited in Bellefonte on Friday and Saturday of last week.

Woods Sebring, who spent the summer in Bellefonte, returned last week to Philadelphia.

Burns Crider recently spent several days in Williamsport in consultation with Dr. Haskins.

A fancy dress dance was given Monday evening in the town hall by a number of the younger girls.

Mrs. C. C. Shuey and daughter, Miss Rachael, were arrivals home last Saturday from WilkesBarre.

Mrs. Martin Fauble departed yesterday for Harrisburg, where she will visit for a time with her daughters.

Moriney Miller, of Beech Creek, was admitted to the Lock Haven hospital Sunday to undergo an operation.

H. L. Garber departed on Monday for Stamford, Conn., where he will be engaged with an automobile concern.

Miss Myra Sechler, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Harry Cox, at Emlenton, Pa., returned home on Sunday, last.

J. M. Keichline collected water rent and paid over to the Borough Treasurer $2400 from Sept. 3d, 1914 to Nov. 2d, 1914.

Miss Ruth Garman was an arrival home last Saturday from Williamsport, where she had been enjoying a two weeks' visit.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Cook were arrivals home last Friday night from Atlantic City. Their son, James, was an over Sunday visitor at home.

Mrs. Shem Spigelmyer, of Jersey Shore, has been visiting with Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Gamble, on East Linn Street returned home yesterday.

Mrs. Elizabeth Harrar, after a very enjoyable visit here with her daughter and Mr. James C Furst, returned yesterday to her home in Williamsport.

Among those who came home to vote on Tuesday were E. P. Irvin, of Cherrytree; Charles Miller, of State College, and Ogden Malin, of Altoona.

Colonel and Mrs. W. Fred Reynolds entertained with a dinner last Saturday evening in honor of their house guests, Mr. and Mrs. John Stetson, of Philadelphia.

D. Wagner Geiss will have a carload of Danish cabbage in about Thursday of next week. Persons desiring to place orders in advance may do so over Bell phone.

Mrs. Albert Blackburn, of Philadelphia, was an arrival in town on Tuesday, having come from Fishertown, to which place she had been summoned by the illness of Dr. Blackburn's mother.

A very important business meeting of the Ladies Aid Society of the Methodist Church, will be held in the Lecture room, Thursday evening, Nov. 5th, at 7.30 o'clock. Business of importance. Every member is urged to be present.

William Wood, of Osceola Mills, was a visitor in town on Wednesday. He is the judge of election in the West precinct of Rush Township and carried over the returns. That precinct gave Rowland 92, Scott 92, and Miller 91. They evidently have a rattling good election board in Mr. Wood's precinct, for fifteen minutes after the polls closed they were able to give the vote cast for Rowland, and at 8.50 o'clock the count of the vote had been completed.

On Tuesday August Glinz, proprietor of the Garman House, with Charley Anderson and Edward Gillen went up Buffalo Run to hunt. After skirmishing around for a time they telephoned to Gillen's store in Bellefonte to have W. H. Macker come for them in his automobile. It was their thought to have him drive them to some more desirable hunting ground, but in Bellefonte the rumor quickly spread that Charley Anderson had been shot and seriously wounded and that he would be brought to the hospital here in the Macker car. The most surprised person of all was Charley Anderson, who turned up minus wounds of any kind and easily able to prove that he had not been killed.

Mrs. F. W. Crider entertained at dinner on Tuesday evening.

Tuesday, election day, being a legal holiday, all banks and saloons remained closed.

Surveyor of the Port Charles R. Kurtz came up from Philadelphia to cast his vote.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank A. Lukenbach, of Tyrone, visited with old home friends in Bellefonte on election day.

Mrs. D. H. Hastings and daughter, Miss Sara Hastings, leave today for Harrisburg to remain for the winter.

Mrs. Hugh N. Crider and Mrs. Edmund Blanchard were hostesses at a masquerade dance on Monday evening.

G. W. Brown, of Mt. Eagle, was a visitor in town between trains on Tuesday. The Browns recently returned to Mt. Eagle from Greensburg.

The Women's Auxiliary of the Y. M. C. A. will meet at Miss Mary Hunter Linn's residence on Monday evening, November 9th, at half-past seven o'clock.

Home Mission Day services, in which the congregation and Sunday School will unite, will be held in St. John's Reformed Church next Sunday morning at 11 o'clock.

The Gentzel-Gettig hunting party depart this week for their annual hunt for deer in the mountains beyond Karthaus. The Panther hunting club will camp for two weeks in the Alleghenies.

Luther Fishburn, who has been working for the Day Drug Co., at Akron, Ohio, since April, was an arrival in town on Monday evening. He says that quite a number of men are out of employment at Akron.

Don't forget the High School concert in the new High School building tomorrow evening. The Ithaca Conservatory Entertainment Trio will appear and an evening of splendid music is in store for all who are so fortunate as to attend.

Election returns were received over a special wire at the Y. M. C. A. rooms on Tuesday evening, many persons availing themselves of the opportunity to learn the result of the voting over the State also outside points. The returns were displayed with lantern slides. A light lunch was served.

Dr. Hiram Hiller, of Chester, has been enjoying a few days' hunting in the mountains of Centre County, coming up with Mrs. William P. Wilson, who had been visiting for a short time with the Hillers. Last Saturday Dr. Hiller and James C. Furst visited the McCurdy-Kilpatrick hunting camp at the foothills of Tussey mountain and succeeded in bagging some fine pheasants.

The subject of Dr. Hawes's second lecture on the "Second Coming of Christ" is "Two Programs Of The Ages." Last Sabbath night the Presbyterian church was well filled with an eager interested audience. All present then will be back for the second lecture. No one can afford to miss them. Service at 7:30. The morning subject at the same church is "A Person, not an Idea."

On Sunday evenings during the month of November Rev. W. M. B. Glanding, in the Lutheran church, will preach a series of "Sermons on a Good Name." The dates and texts follow: November 8th, "How a Good Name Cannot be Obtained." November 15th, "The Christian Element of a Good Name." November 22d, "Defending a Good Name." November 29th, "Keeping a Good Name from Suspicion." All will be welcome at these services.

About the only election bet placed in Bellefonte was one aggregating $40. A traveling man while in town on Monday offered to put up that amount on McCormick for Governor. Three local Republicans who happened to be nearby at the time each wanted to take the whole amount. To keep peace they divided up the Brumbaugh wager into three parts, one for $20 and two for $10. The traveling man was so confident of winning that he left word with the stakeholder to keep out $1 for cigars and mail a check for $79.

Home friends had no reason to complain about the result of football games last Saturday in which Bellefonte and State College teams figured. Penn State defeated Lafayette, at Easton, 17—0 Penn State was compelled to play without the support of Captain Tobin, who is recovering nicely from the injuries he sustained at the recent football bonfire celebration. Next Saturday Penn State plays Lehigh University, at Bethlehem. Bellefonte Academy romped off with a 46—0 victory over the strong Bloomsburg State Normal eleven, on Hughes Field. The Academy team put up a splendid game and easily out-classed the visitors. In the second half the Academy put in quite a number of substitutes. Next Saturday the Academy plays Penn State Freshmen, at Penn State, and a large number of lovers of the game are planning to go up for the skirmish. The game will be called promptly at 1.30 o'clock, which is an important point to keep in mind. The early hour for the game has been scheduled to enable students and visitors to later in the day take in the score of the Penn State Lehigh game, which will be received play by play. Bellefonte High School had an open date last Saturday and a game could not be arranged. Next Saturday Bellefonte High plays Tyrone High School, at home, and a close, exciting contest is looked for. Coach Gilligan's boys are in good shape and hope to carry off the laurels.

Miss Mary Thomas entertained with a luncheon at one o'clock on Wednesday.

Clarence Fillman visited over Sunday with relatives in Jersey Shore.

Malcolm Broshus was a visitor in Jersey Shore over Sunday.

Miss Stella Cooney visited with friends in Lock Haven over Sunday.

Miss Elizabeth McGowan, of Cato, was a visitor with Bellefonte friends over Sunday.

Miss Anna Hoy departed on Wednesday for Crafton to visit with her brother and Mrs. Randolph Hoy.

Edward Shields returned on Wednesday to resume his duties at Cleveland, Ohio.

Raymond Lingle, of DuBois, spent several days this week with friends in town.

Mrs. James Noonan departed last week for New York to visit with her sister, Mrs. Seymour.

Mrs. Garber's dancing class will meet Friday evening at 7.30 o'clock, with an after-dance at 9.30.

Nelson Robb, one of the right hand men at the State College National Bank, visited with Bellefonte friends on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Richard departed on Tuesday for Atlantic City, where they will occupy apartments during the winter.

A defective flue resulted in a slight blaze Wednesday evening at the home of Blaine Port, on Howard Street. No damage was done.

Protracted meeting services will be held next Sunday evening in the Methodist Episcopal Church and will continue three weeks, or longer.

PARENTS ARE FINED

Several Charged With Failure to Send Children Regularly to School.

Several persons were last week arrested and fined for failure to send their children regularly to school, as is required by the School Code. They were given hearings before Squire W. H. Musser who imposed on each a fine of $2 and costs. The costs in each instance amounted to $2.

One parent was represented by counsel who contended that the arrest was illegal since written notice had not been served in advance of the prosecution. Chief of Police Dukeman, as truant officer, testified that he had personally notified the parent. Squire Musser said that a verbal notice covered the requirements and imposed the fine and costs. Professor Jonas E. Wagner, principal of schools, appeared for the prosecution. Squire Musser said that he had imposed a fine and the costs in each prosecution and that it rested with the School Board as to whether the fine might be refunded. Fines in such cases are turned over to the School Board.

WHEN CONVICTS ESCAPE

Whistle at New Penitentiary to Sound Alarm—First Test Saturday.

On Saturday, November 7th, between the hours of 12 noon and 1 P. M., the siren whistle at the new Western Penitentiary, will be blown in series of five blasts at intervals of one-half minute each, with an interval of ten minutes between each five blast series.

This whistle has been installed by the Western Penitentiary at the new prison at Rockview, to announce the escape of a prisoner to the residents of Centre County within hearing distance of the whistle, and the demonstration of same as set forth above, is to make known to to the community the exact signal which is to signify the escape of a prisoner from the institution.

The officials of the Penitentiary are desirous of learning the exact radius in which this signal can be heard, and to that end will be pleased to have reports by telephone from any of the residents of the community, which will enlighten them on this point.

For assisting in the capture of the two convicts who escaped some time ago $100 in rewards was paid to residents of Centre County.

Football Saturday.

The Bellefonte High School will play its first home game of the season against the strong Tyrone High School team on Saturday, Nov. 7th. Through the kindness of Prof. J. R. Hughes, the game will be played on the new Hughes Field. The game will begin promptly at 2:30 o'clock. Encourage the team. Admission 15c.

Mayes—Bohn.

On Saturday, Oct. 31st, last at the parsonage of the Lutheran church in Bellefonte, by the Rev. W. M. B. Glanding, Russell Mayes, of Salona, and Miss Elizabeth Bohn, of Oak Hall, were united in marriage.

Vogel—Hoy.

Harry P. Vogel and Mrs. Annie Hoy, both of State College, were united in marriage on Saturday, October 31st, by Rev. W. M. B. Glanding at the Lutheran parsonage in Bellefonte.

Celebrated Golden Anniversary.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Weaver, of Tylersville, on October 24th celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversary. A family dinner was served in honor of the happy event.

Had Elaborate Feast.

Roast coon and roast duckling were but two of numerous features of an elaborate banquet served on Tuesday evening at the home of A. V. Jackson, on East High Street by the Booker T. Washington Fraternity, of Bellefonte. The organization is composed of a number of the leading colored men of Bellefonte. Last year they gave a dinner which proved to be such a success that this year it was decided to hold a banquet and have as guests the wives of members and a few specially invited friends. At each plate was a beautiful menu card as a souvenir of the happy occasion. The officers of the association are as follows: A. V. Jackson, president; George Freeman, treasurer; William Pennington, secretary. The committee in charge of Tuesday evening's banquet consisted of Walter Delige, steward; James Summers, Thomas Henson, J. A. Piner and W. E. Green, toastmaster.

Accidents will happen, but the best regulated families keep Dr. Thomas' Eclectic Oil for such emergencies. Two sizes 25 and 50c at all stores.

SEWING MACHINES

I am selling the two best Sewing Machines made—the Standard Rotary and the Eldrege Rotary.

I keep in stock other and cheaper machines and as low in price as you can buy them in Chicago

I repair all makes of sewing machines and keep in stock shuttles and needles, also key blanks.

My shop is on West Bishop Street, Bellefonte, Pa.

G. C. Clements.

AWNINGS

Also Tents, Horse and Wagon Covers, etc. Walters Metal Shingles. Get Our Prices.

W. L. Steele, Jr.

Bellefonte Pa.

COMMERCIAL PHONE

PUBLIC SALE

Brown Stone Residence

Formerly home of Mrs. Sara McAllister Hayes

Monday, November 9th, at 2 P. M.

On premises, Allegheny Street, near Curtin Street

The house will be comfortably warmed for those in attendance.

Most desirable property, perfect condition, lately renovated, modern, heat, light, plumbing; three bath-rooms and elevator.

Rare Offering For A Home

EXCEPTIONAL OPPORTUNITY FOR INVESTMENT

Can easily be converted into apartments, meeting recent demands in Bellefonte at such cost as will earn more than ten per centum.

Plans for apartments will be submitted at time of sale.

The sale will be absolute, offering a most unusual opportunity for home or investment.

Five per cent of purchase money to be paid at time of sale, settlement for balance can be made with easy terms.

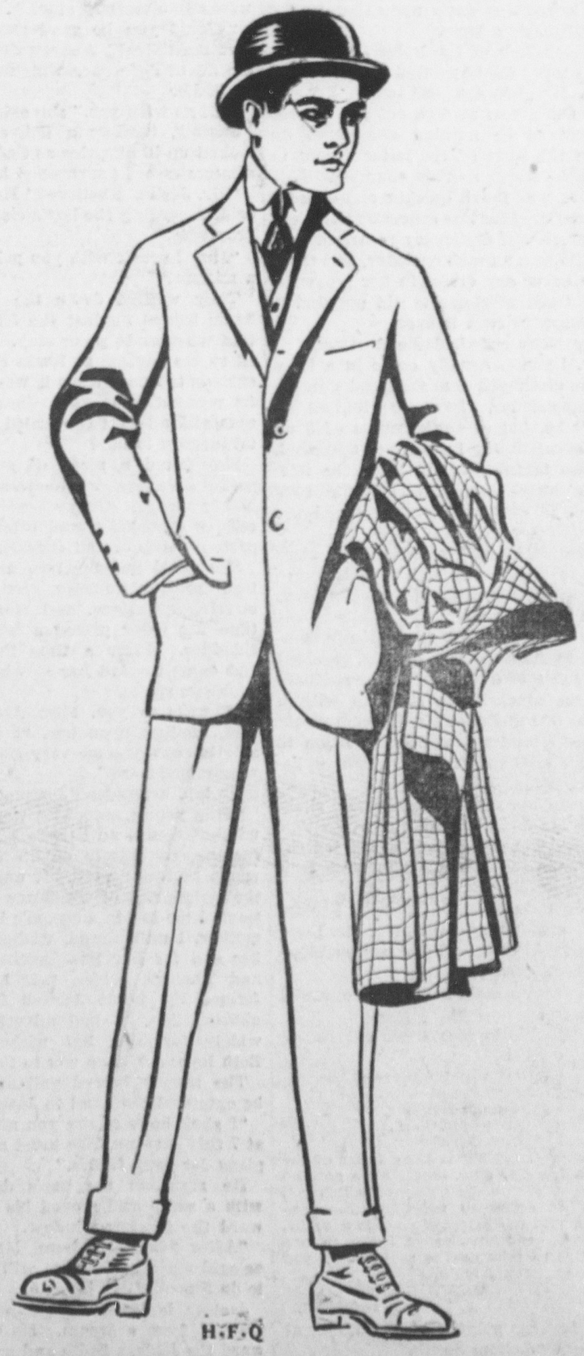
The house will be open for inspection from Saturday morning until the time of sale.

ROBERT HUNTER,
Bellefonte, Pa.

L. F. MAYES, Auct.

EMERY MARVEL,
Atlantic City, N. J.

What $25.00 Will Buy.



We are filling our windows today with suits at $25.00.

Be sure to see them. They will be a revelation to you in what we can furnish at this popular. price.

Stylish? Why they fairly radiate this season's newness and individuality. Not one style but many---all new, and all mighty attractive.

Materials? Beautiful weaves in soft woolens and long lived worsteds, an assortment to suit all tastes.

We have suits at higher prices of course---and suits for less. But for all around good looks and faithful service you cannot get more for your money than in these Hickey-Freeman-suits at $25.00.

Look into this today.

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